

# THE WAR CRY

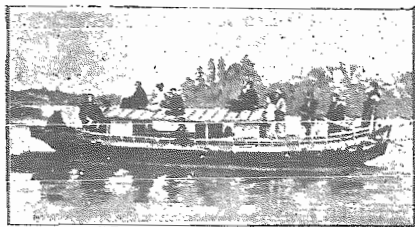
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.  
T.B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

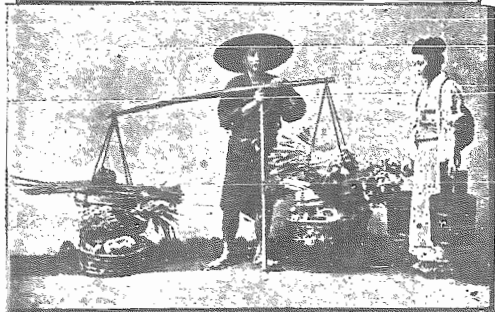
22nd Year. No. 47.

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.



A JAPANESE RIVER-BOAT



A JAPANESE VEGETABLE-PEDLAR

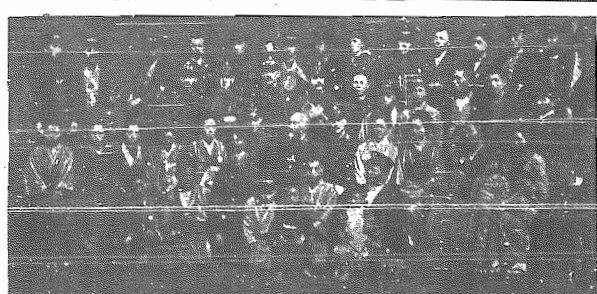


A WAYSIDE RESTING-PLACE

## JAPANESE LIFE



A DAUGHTER OF JAPAN



COMMISSIONER RAILTON (CENTRE) AND A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF JAPANESE OFFICERS

# The Land of Flowery Life.

(To our frontispiece.)

BY COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

Japan, as our illustrations show, is a land with abundant charms, such as Canadians can appreciate. It is a country where all, down to the youngest and poorest, always seem to be well-dressed, for even those who, like the rickshaw maid, wear least and poorest clothing, have such a way of placing it that they seem always fit to be photographed.

The girls of Japan are already too renowned in the world for there to be any need to speak of their charms, their exquisite manners, their gentleness and skill in singing and dancing.

But the Army alone can offer them their proper sphere as charmers of the world for Christ; and just here comes in some of the same difficulty that we have had to fight and overcome everywhere else. It is astonishing to find how very retiring by nature and habit are even girls whose life has long been given up to some form of ministrations to the public enjoyment. You will find in Japanese hotels and lodging-houses girls who have long learnt how to make themselves most agreeable to every guest. Wherefore to listen, one cannot but fear, with a show of interest and pleasure to much abominable talk; and who yet impresses you with the most perfect modesty and quietness of demeanor.

For us to get the Japanese woman to become

## A Public Witness for Christ

has needed just as determined effort as, shall I say? in Canada itself. But the Army is the same in every land, and insists upon the sacrifice of home comfort and retirement, in order that the wanderers may be hunted after and brought home to God. This is the sort of home influence—influence which we have been able to create even in Japan, where the entire weight of every family is brought to bear generally to keep each one in the paths considered good by his ancestors.

Canadians can appreciate the wonderful water-life that is so common in Japan, where it is possible all the year round. True, there are sometimes, for very short periods, extremes of cold which make it possible for even some waterways to be frozen up, and there are in the north icy regions, where big stores of ice are accumulated for summer use. But, as a rule, there seems to be more of the Italian gondola than of the roughness and dirt of the ordinary canal boat about the boats in which so many Japanese pass the greater part of their lives.

One-seventh of the people are fisher-folk; fish, both fresh and salted, forming a great item of the usual diet. The

## Upper Air Style of Life

common on the boats which lie so often in river or canal, within full view of everybody on shore, is scarcely more public than the home life of almost all the people.

The habit of living, whether ashore or afloat, in small apartments, generally open on one side, to the view of all who pass by, cannot but help to

wards quiet, peaceable, and exemplary living. When you are either exposed to everybody's inspection, or are only separated from the rest of the population by a paper screen, you cannot but be guarded somewhat from any of the excesses or roughness of style or speech which are only too common amongst most western people. Might it not be well for every War Cry reader to examine themselves as to the sort of impression their lives would make if lived under everybody's gaze? Certainly it is something for me to be able to say that during six months, passed almost entirely amongst the poorest of the Japanese, I have not got one black memory that blots any spot I think of.

The ability to bear burdens which makes it so natural for many small tradesmen to carry their entire establishment about with them, makes the resting-place by the wayside extremely interesting and most convenient for our purposes. There are

## Almost Boundless Opportunities.

for getting at the people in a most familiar way, and thank God our soldiers are ready continually to witness for God by the roadside or on the cars.

Though my memory for names is so bad that I would often have difficulty by Wednesday in recalling the name of the officer in whose corps I was fighting all Sunday, yet the faces shown in the group, taken I believe at Yokohama, brings up multitudes of happy memories of battle and victory.

Electricity and photography are fully valued in Japan, and the clear, beautiful air, even in big cities, seemed greatly to favor quick and exact reproduction of the groups formed at different times. And there cannot be too many opportunities given to our Japanese comrades to show themselves as forming part of the Salvation Army. The old reluctance to have any connection with

## "A Foreign Religion"

becomes less and less a hindrance as the people see that we are now mainly in Japan a Japanese force.

The loveliness of Japanese scenery, the abundance of clear, bright water, and the continual renewal of greenness of flowers all the year round give just what is most attractive about Canadian scenery in springtime. But high above all, over a great part of the main island, towers the grand head of Mount Fuji, an old volcano, covered in winter with snow. And this centre of all views comes to be regarded by all with a something of the affection people have for an old patriarch. They say it is "Fuji-san," or "Mr. Fuji."

For the Salvationist, every earthly scene has got a nobler crowning point. He sees his one great Master's throne set up high over every earthly power and beauty, and he considers every grand roadway and every flowery lane, as only as many paths to victory for Christ. Is that your view of every prospect around you?

tears on the platform broke my heart!" With this the woman rose, and the convert led her to the penitent form, where she was converted.

For years afterward that woman, who was thus strangely won for God by the earnest testimony of a girl, continued till her death a zealous Salvationist and local officer, as did also her husband.

## THE WORLD'S POPULATION.

At a rough calculation, the population of the world is one and a half billion souls. These speak some 3,064 languages, and are worshippers of more than 1,100 religions. The average length of life is thirty-three and a third years. One-fourth of mankind die before the seventh, and one-half before the seventeenth year. Only one-sixth live beyond the age of sixty. Thirty-three million die annually, 91,000 daily, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute. While one-fourth are capable of bearing arms, only one in a thousand is naturally inclined to the profession.

Make it a rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say: "I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day."—Charles Kingsley.



Special Topic for Prayer—  
Pray for the spread of the Gospel in all lands.

Sunday, Aug. 26.—A Night in Jail.—Acts iv. 13.  
Monday, Aug. 27.—Apostolic Praying.—Acts iv. 18-37.  
Tuesday, Aug. 28.—Black Sheep.—Acts v. 1-11.  
Wednesday, Aug. 29.—Sending Home the Truth.—Acts v. 17-33.  
Thursday, Aug. 30.—Special Officers.—Acts v. 24-31; vi. 1-7.  
Friday, Aug. 31.—First Martyr.—Acts vi. 8-15; vii. 1; viii. 51-60.  
Saturday, Sept. 1.—False Metal Detected.—Acts viii. 1-22.

## A CHILD'S PLEA.

May I go to the heathen, mother,  
In distant lands?  
By the Ganges dark glidings,  
To proclaim the glad tidings,  
On India's strands?  
May I, mother? may I go?

He came down from heaven, mother,  
To preach to me,  
He came weeping and sighing,  
He came bleeding and dying,  
To set us free,  
May I, mother? may I go?

If at home fondly staying, mother,  
To cling to thee,  
May not God be offended,  
And my life sooner ended,  
Rebuking me?  
May I, mother? may I go?

## OUR MEMBER IN INDIA.

A very touching letter comes from India, from a missionary brother. He wishes to become a member of the Praying League. He has a warm place in his heart for the Canadian Salvation Army, for seventeen years ago he attended Camp Meetings conducted by Commissioner Coombs. He was converted in the Army at Victoria, B.C., and therefore considers the Army his spiritual mother. Our brother wishes the members of the Canadian Praying League to make special petition to the Father that he may be restored to health and strength for his work. We have written to assure him that this will be so, and pass on his request to our readers.

## A MESSAGE FROM CHINA.

We have a member also in Africa and in China, and we have pleasure in appending a little message from dear Miss Brookings, in Niapo, China. She writes: "Thank you for the Praying League Card. I always like to read the column of notes." Miss Brookings tells of a riot which took place at a short distance from her station. After describing it she says: "So far as we can see, these are the kind of troubles for some time ahead of us in China. The introduction of reforms . . . will possibly cause endless difficulty. China seems to desire the civilization of western lands with little effort of her own. She seems to regard it as a sort of coat which she may put on and still wear the old rags below. But now is the day for the Christians to do the work with the young people and the children. If the foundations are well laid His work will stand whatever shock may come. At — station we had the joy of baptizing eleven persons—ten men and one woman. Meetings were held, three in a day, for a week. The magic lantern was used in the evenings, and on Sunday a real S. A. testimony meeting was held. An opium-smoker of thirty-one years' standing was converted a year ago, and has been keeping straight. His wife says he is a different man. The evangelist's wife was baptized, and when asked to speak at Sunday said, 'Wompe, too, can trust in Jesus. Many of these received had heard the Gospel for four, five, six, and seven years. Twenty-two others were asked to wait longer. The evangelist, Mr. Fang, is self-supporting, and seems to have too good work during Mr. —'s absence. They want soon to build a chapel, contributing for it themselves. Mr. M. has three opium-smokers in his district who have broken off the habit in answer to prayer.' How encouraging is such news from the 'far lands.'"

## Seeing Her Tears.

A young woman-convert was asked to take part in a salvation meeting one Sunday night.

It was a hard task, she felt, but realizing her duty, she went on the platform after praying earnestly for a message that would reach some sinner's heart. Opening her Bible, she read a few verses from the ninth chapter of John; then she looked at the audience, intending to make a few comments. At this point her nervousness overcame her. "It was as though I had been struck blind," she said afterwards. "I could not see the people, and my limbs shook beneath me."

After standing thus for a moment or two, she again continued to give her testimony, but soon her words failed, and, turning to the officer, she said, nervously, "If you please I cannot say any more," and burst into tears.

During the prayer meeting, later in the evening, this same sister went "fishing" amongst the people, and came across a middle-aged woman weeping bitterly.

The young convert spoke to the women, who, much to her surprise, said, "The sight of your

# Ensigns Baird and McNaney Become 'Continual Comrades.'

CEREMONY PERFORMED "UNDER CANVAS" AT DUFFERIN GROVE—BRIGADIER TAYLOR OFFICIATES.

The wedding of two such well-known warriors as Capt. John Baird and Ensign Nellie McNaney was an attraction sufficient in itself to draw a crowd to Dufferin Grove such as filled the large tent to suffocation and left as large a crowd just outside. It was a very successful farewell meeting to the Captain, who completed his term at Dovercourt simultaneously with his farewell from the ranks of the "great unblest." There is no need to say that Dovercourt corps has steadily improved of late. Strangers to Toronto of only a couple of years' standing would be agreeably surprised should they pay a visit to Toronto VII.

Staff-Capt. Attwell and Mrs. Adj. McElheney were called up to defend themselves, which seemed quite an easy affair after all. So much so that when Capt. DeBow was asked to speak up for the unfortunates who were still out in the cold, he confessed that he wasn't any too well pleased that he was still single. Adj. Downey spoke very feelingly of the bride, having known her since they were both soldiers of the Kingston corps. The Adjutant and Sergt. Matheson sang a splendid duet together.

As to the ceremony itself, it was all that could be desired. The Captain certainly said his "I wills" clearly enough. After the happy couple were pronounced man and wife, Brigadier Taylor

next few weeks, as either of us three Salvationists moved along the corridors or passed through the warehouses; but their sneers were

## Soon Turned to Admiration

as they saw we were determined to hold fast to our colors and faith, whatever the cost.

We started a Bible Class on the firm, which was the means of much good to ourselves, a number of Christian friends coming along to help us.

I only remained there three months after this, as some time previously I had made arrangements to come to Canada, but prior to sailing I held a farewell service amongst the men of the firm, when, best of all, two young men accepted the salvation of Jesus Christ.

I also had a farewell at my corps, to which quite a number of my business associates came, where another of my old friends started on the way of life. Boldly

## Taking My Stand for Jesus

amongst my friends, in the first place, was the means of some of them being converted. To-day I am still kept by the wonderful power of God, living to testify to His satisfying salvation, and also seeing souls coming to the mercy seat for pardon, and I am hoping to see many more crying to Him for salvation. I have given up all for Jesus, having been accepted as a Candidate for the glorious work of saving souls.—Fred Willis, Forest, Ont.

## Commissioner Railton.

"From whom?" I wondered, as I slipped a paper-knife into the end of a long envelope, which bore Japanese stamps and unfamiliar handwriting. My heart leant for joy when I drew out a tender, fatherly letter, a photograph, and an article for the Victory, from the salient Commissioner Railton, who for some months has been on a visit of inspection to Japan.

His is a family name amongst Salvationists, and many, as they read these notes, will recollect some productions of his pen which brought blessing and inspiration to their souls. I remember about six months after joining the Army, reading one of a series of red-hot articles, "Fight it Out," by the Commissioner. It was on open-air work. I was only half way through my teens, and so timid and nervous at the sound of my voice in public, that it was agony to speak indoors, and I had never thought of doing so in the open-air. Oh, how hard this article hit me; how guilty I felt when I remembered the numerous opportunities that I had never regarded as important—as not my work. After some tears and prayers, and much trembling, I made the first venture to speak for Jesus in the open-air, and ever since it has been to me a great privilege, which it is always a pleasure to grasp—though still in spite of quick heart-beatings.

A glance through "The Life of Mrs. Booth" reveals the warm love and confidence in which the General and Mrs. Booth held Commissioner Railton from the earliest days of the Christian Mission. Not to make him go faster was their difficulty, but to hold his warrior spirit within the bounds of the body. "On one occasion he marched on through England,

## Bare Headed, Single-Handed,

with a red bannerette, carrying the inscription, 'Repentance, Faith, Holiness,' striving to penetrate the towns and districts which had not yet been reached. An able and indefatigable penman, the Commissioner compiled the bulk of the early literature of the Salvation Army and when able to lay aside his pen there was no one more eagerly ready to take his place at the battle's front. If he had the opportunity of choosing for himself he always went to "a poorest corps, the most desperate forlorn hope, where the soldiers were the fewest, and the odds against him the greatest."

## EMIGRATION FROM ITALY.

### (The Milan "Secolo.")

Figures for 1904 show that 476,562 emigrants left Italy; those for 1905, which will soon be published by the Minister of the Interior, reveal the exodus of 716,343 persons, a number never reached by any other country in the world. Emigration has been providential in Italy; but who can say that if it passes certain limits it may not prove a scourge for the national economy.



Ensign McNaney's last corps being out of this Province, we are not so well acquainted with her career, though we have not the least doubt she has made her mark as a Field Officer.

The arrival of the wedding party brought a hearty hand-clap and volley from the platform and audience.

Brigadier Taylor was master of ceremonies, Capt. Baird and Ensign McNaney the centre of attraction, and Capt. DeBow and A. L. Downey (of Jamestown, N.Y.) the best man and bridesmaid respectively.

As representatives of the married people present,

conveyed to them the intelligence that the Commissioner had been pleased to promote the Captain to the rank of Ensign; so that the bride lost her rank for only about five minutes. The audience gave a hearty volley at the Captain's promotion.

Speeches from the new Ensign and his smiling wife followed, and the service terminated with the doxology.

We are informed that Ensign and Mrs. Baird are shortly taking charge of Oshawa. Their many friends and comrades wish them God-speed.—Ben-Edict.

## When I First Wore Uniform.

I was working in a large warehouse, with about forty others, equally as snugly as myself, entering into all kinds of wickedness and sin.

One Sunday two of my companions went to the nearest Army hall, and returning at night, kept themselves so quiet I wanted to know what was the matter with them. They at once told me they had been to the penitent form at the meeting and had got saved.

Of course I sympathized with them in their miserable condition, but yet in my heart knew they had obtained peace, because I once enjoyed it. However, we did all we could to dissuade them from their foolishness.

I happened to have about one hundred invitation cards and texts, in the shape of railway tickets, which I at once hunted up and placed all around their beds. This went on for two weeks, and yet

### No Word of Complaint

passed their lips. I began to feel a bit miserable, for I felt condemned by their silence, and so on the next Sunday I stayed alone in my bedroom, and looked up a book entitled "Backsliding and Restoration," which I knew I had stowed away in my trunk. I began to read this, which led me to turn to a reference in the Bible, where I saw Jesus was ready and waiting for my return.

I did not stay to argue or reason or think of the things my workmates would say about me; but dropped on my knees by the side of my bed and claimed restoration through the blood of Jesus.

I felt the burden of my heart roll away, and waited patiently for the return of my two friends, when I immediately told them what I had done. The house rang with hallelujahs, for I knew the

best course for me was to, at once, let all the other fellows know that

### I Was Determined

to keep saved. My chums wanted me to go to the Army, but I did not like the Army; I would go to church, which I did for two Sundays, but I did not get satisfied with the food I got there, and came away hungry. Still entreating me to come to the Army, my friends clung to me; but I was too good for the Army—they were such a rowdy lot of people.

The next Sunday they went off to their meeting, but I would not go with them. However, there was such a powerful magnet drawing me to the hall that morning that

### I Had to Give in

to its pull and follow my comrades inside.

I heard the doctrine of holiness expounded, and found by the experience of others it was possible to live an holy life whilst upon this earth. I went out to the front and claimed this further gift of God through Jesus Christ. Everything seemed changed, I fell in love with the Army, with its people, and with its uniform. I straightway sent for badges and clothes, and soon took up my stand in full uniform.

But what a scene when I first put them on! I dressed early one morning, to be sure I should be the first one to get down to our dining-room, where I expected a reception—which I got when the other fellows began to roll in one by one.

"Booth! Booth!! Booth!!!" was the cry going here and there. I sat in silent dignity, determined to conquer my feelings, and remained until the end of the meal.

The same was repeated at dinner and supper, but I came away feeling that I had got the victory.

"Here comes Booth," was the call during the

# The Skipper's Story.

AN AWFUL TALE OF THE SEA.

"About ten years ago I was skipper," said an East Coast Salvationist to a Social Gazette man, "of one of the finest fishing smacks ever built, and, although I say it myself, was at that time the finest belonging to the port."

"One Thursday we put out to sea, intending to go on a long haddock cruise, but all Thursday and Friday we had very dirty weather. On Saturday morning, about six o'clock, I went below in my oilskins for the purpose of making myself a cup of cocoa, as I had had a long spell of watching on deck. I sat by the stove, waiting for the kettle to boil, when the second hand came down and half-jokingly and half-seriously said:

"Here's the skipper sitting by the fire drinking cocoa, when it's blowing great guns aloft."

The Squall.

"All right, my boy," says I, "we're all right! We're aboard the best boat belonging to —." But before I could finish what I meant to say there was a terrible crash and total darkness, while the smack rolled at a terrible rate. I struck out for the deck at once, and, while feeling my way, gripped a chopper. I gained the deck, and saw that both masts had gone by the board, but that the stays and ropes kept them from getting clear, and they were heating the boat to pieces. I also saw, to my horror, that the deck had been overboard. The crew consisted of myself, second hand, deck hand, my son, and the cook.

"Give me the lead-line!" I sang out. They handed it to me, and, taking sure aim, I threw the line over to him. He grasped it, and we hauled him aboard. While he stood gasping, I set to work to cut away the gear and set the mast free and chopped everything clear but the main halyard chains, which were iron, so I couldn't cut them. They had battered the mizen bulwarks away, and I was wondering what I could do when the deck chap cried—

"Look out, skipper!"

"A big wave was just about to break on us."

A Battering Billow.

"Get down below!" shouted, and those who could did so. I hadn't time, so I flung myself on my face and seized hold of a ring-bolt. The wave broke upon us like thunder. I heard a terrible crunching and tearing, and when the water ran away, I saw the waves and torn out the halyards and with 'em a big piece of the bulwarks. This was a good job, as we were now free of the dreadful masts, which had threatened to ram a hole in our side.

"Come, bill," said I to the second hand, "let's get out the anchor!"

"So overboard we heaved the anchor, and secured it with an eight-inch cable. This kept the boat's head to the sea and steadied her a bit. Having made the hawser fast, I looked up and saw a great 'western oceaner' bearing right down upon us, looking as green as grass.

"Look out, Bill!" I shrieked. "This'll smash us!"

"When I saw that great mountain of water about to fall upon us, I felt certain that it would rip the boat to pieces. I flung myself flat and caught hold of the stump of the mast with all my might, and felt the great billow break upon the boat and shake her like a terrier shaking a rat. When we came to the top of the water, the force of the breaking wave had turned the boat right around, and had half-filled her with water. It had also cleared the deck of everything. The bulwarks, stanchions and all were clean gone; skylights, everything had been knocked away, and, worse than all, poor Bill was overboard.

"There he struggled in the waves so close to us that if I had had a boat-hook I could have pulled him in. But I hadn't a thing left. I rushed up and down the deck like a madman, but couldn't render him the slightest assistance. I watched his struggles and agonized face until I could stand it no longer, but turned sorrowfully away. He was drowned!

The Old Song.

"The big seas kept breaking over us, too, and the boat shipping so much sea that the deck was

flushed with water. So I sang out to the boys to come up from below and man the pumps. We toiled away, but didn't seem to make any headway upon the water at all. My son began to cry, and to say that he would never see his mother again. I had felt pretty bad over it myself till then; but as the boy began to cry and to speak about his mother, and things looked their worst, the lines of the song we sometimes sang in the Army meetings—I was a backslider at the time—came ringing through my mind—

"I'll stand by until the morning."

I've come to save you, do not fear!"

"They came to me like the sweet voice of an angel above the roar of the tempest, and put new life into me. I felt God was going to deliver us."

"Cheer up, my boy! Thou'lt see your mother again!" I shouted, and felt it, too. The cook gave up the pump; he couldn't keep going any longer. "I want to go below," he said.

"Well," I said, "if you go below you'll drown like a rat in a hole, but if you feel so bad that you can't work any longer, lie down on the deck."

Died of Fright.

With that he looked at me with such a look of agony on his face that I felt quite skinned. His eyes seemed to be boiling right out of his head, and, would you believe it? he laid down on the deck and died out of sheer fright. So you may judge by that that we were having a pretty bad time.

"Well, there were three of us left now, and we pumped away, but we didn't seem to get any more forrader at all, so thought that we must have a hole in us somewhere. I examined all along the side, and thought I saw two holes where the iron stanchions had been pulled out. So I went below and got two bladders of lard, and, calling my boy to me, pointed out the holes and said, 'Do 'ee think you can keep under water long enough to plaster this lard over the holes?'

"Yes, father," says he, "I must, or we shall never get back again, that's sure."

"With that, I sat on the deck and held him by the legs, whilst he leaned over into the water and stopped the inrush with the lard. It was an exhausting thing for the boy, but he did it, and, to the great joy of all, we saw that our pumping gained upon the water in the cabin. This was about three o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

"Well, we worked at the pumps, without a bit of anything to eat, without any fire or light, and without any hats on, and soaking wet, with a scety bilzard howling against us. We worked thus, I say, till three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when we hailed a smack, and, as the sea had gone down a bit, she was able to tow us into Grimsby.

A Curious Incident.

"Now comes a curious thing. After we had landed a short time I found a terrible pain down my leg, and, on taking off my trousers, I found my leg was blistered and scalded in the most fearful fashion. It then occurred to me that when the boat beeled over so terribly, I saw the kettle come flying into my lap with the boiling cocoa, and although I had been so badly scalded, yet I didn't feel it a bit during all that fearful time.

"I have been going to sea a good many years and have sailed in some stormy weather, but that was the rummest I ever experienced.

"Yes, praise God, I got restored at the penitent form the first opportunity I had, and my favorite song now is, 'I'll stand by until the morning.'"

We are very foolish to attempt to entertain two guests so hostile to one another as Christ and Satan. Christ will not live in the parlor of our hearts, if we entertain the devil in the cellar of our thoughts.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Retribution is one of the grand principles in the divine administration of human affairs; a requital is imperceptible only to the wilfully unobservant. There is everywhere the working of the everlasting law of requital; man always gets as he gives.—J. Foster.

## Found My Saviour in Sydney.

I was born in Denmark in 1878. As I grew up I was by the Spirit of God called to be a Salvation soldier, and for two years remained faithful. But in some unguarded moment I became a backslider. I then went to sea for a few years. I went down in sin, I believe as far as drink can carry a man. Nothing was too bad for me to do during that time. Finally I landed in Sydney, and, glory to Jesus! I found my Saviour again, after having been a backslider for some years. I have been a soldier in Sydney for some months, and am glad to testify that God can save a rebel like me, proving daily God's grace to be enough for me.—Peter Petersen, Sydney, N.S.W.

## INDIAN CHIEFS IN LONDON.

The Indian Chiefs now on a visit to England were shown around London in a motor car. Passing Buckingham Palace one said, "Wigwam of King big wigwam." Hyde Park was described as a big camp ground. At Madame Tussaud's he bowed before the statue of Victoria, saying, "Our white mother."

## An Interesting Incident.

Secretary Jarvis, of Yorkshire, sends us the news printed below, with the following interesting note: "The enclosed verses were given to me by Mr. Wm. Hawththam, a new soldier of our camp. He is an old man, of 77 years. He came out in the last Camp Meetings held at Dufferin Grove. He has been a hotel-keeper, but God has saved him. He cut these verses out of a paper in the year 1851. Though not a Christian, it touched his heart, for he had a praying mother."

## HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun  
The men had marched all day;  
And now beside a rippling stream  
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,  
As swept the hours along,  
They called to one who mused apart,  
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;  
"The only songs I know  
Are those my mother used to sing  
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,  
"There's none but true men here;  
To every mother's son of us  
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice  
Amid unwonted calm,  
"Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause?"  
The very stream was still'd,  
And hearts that never thrubbed with fear  
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,  
As to his feet he rose,  
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good-night,  
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;  
The soldier bent his head,  
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips,  
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,  
Sweet as the bugle call,  
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall!'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell  
As on the singer sang;  
Man after man fell into line,  
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,  
Naught but the stream is heard;  
But, ah! the depths of every soul  
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,  
In whispers soft and low,  
Rises the prayer that mother taught  
The boy long years ago.

In China it is customary to invite a departing magistrate whose rule has been popular to have a pair of old boots hung in a prominent place as a hint to his successor to follow in his footsteps.



# THE ARMY'S WORLD-WIDE FIELD

*By Cable or Steam Packet*



## Great Britain.

The General's third motor campaign has been inaugurated by a stirring series of meetings at Inverness, and a vigorous invasion of the Scottish Highlands.

Dr. Downes, Editor of "Great Thoughts," in the course of a sermon at London Road Wesleyan Church, Derby, on Sunday, said: "What is the secret of the power of the great Salvation Army? It is pity, the sympathy and sacrifice that causes the little Salvation lass to go down to the slums, put her arms around a fallen sister and say, 'My sister,' and rescue her. Yes, pity is the source of the mighty Salvation Army."

The week-end visit of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Whittier to Worcester attracted splendid open-air crowds on Saturday night.

Sunday's meetings were held in the public hall, the usual congregation being troubled, and seven souls surrendered.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson, who presided in the afternoon, said that the work in which the Army was engaged was perhaps the most difficult of any kind of Social Work—it was the salvage of human wreckage, the helping of the bottom dog.

Colonel Charles Rothwell spent last Sunday at Wood Green, with thirty-three Divisional Young People's Secretaries. The Young People's work is growing, thanks in a large measure to the special interest taken in it by the Chief of the Staff. Colonel Rothwell, indeed, feels that "it is the only work under the sun."

Lieut.-Colonel Yesu Ramnam (Stevens), Brigadier Jivanandham, and Major Gnana Prakasm arrived in London on Monday from India. The two latter are Indian officers of long and varied experience, and Colonel Stevens, who, if we remember rightly, comes out of Working, has spent over twenty years in India and Ceylon.

## South Africa.

The Commissioner has agreed to the establishment of a Men's Shelter and Labor Yard at Bloemfontein.

The urgent need of an institution of this character in that city, and the fact that the scheme is being generously supported by the Government and the Municipal Council, as well as by various other bodies and individuals, have led him to decide that the scheme should be immediately proceeded with.

A number of field changes, affecting both the white and native work, together with the re-adjustment of Divisional boundaries, give an appearance of "something doing" in the right direction.

## New Zealand.

Many Canadians will sympathize with Mrs. Brigadier Fisher in the loss of her mother, who passed peacefully away from her home in Wellington recently. Brigadier Fisher will be remembered as the Financial Secretary at the Canadian Headquarters some years ago.

Some interesting references are given concerning the funeral of the late Premier Seddon, from which we culled the following:

### A Weird Ceremonial.

About 8 o'clock, the steady tramp of feet was heard in the main entrance. Slowly a squad from the Permanent Artillery, bearing the oaken casket

on their shoulders, filed into the main lobby to the tier under the portrait of the late Queen Victoria. At the west end. The Hon. W. Hall-Jones headed the procession, and then came the other Ministers of the Crown, and the sons and immediate relatives of the dead statesman. A door opened at the further end, and a low, mournful wail rang through the stillness. By degrees the refrain was taken up by the other units of the native party in the Legislative Chamber, who filed slowly out and up the lobby to the spot where the coffin lay. The principal Maori women led the procession, the men bringing up the rear. Quivering hands were raised above heads, greenery rustled in the air, and long-drawn-out lamentations rose above the subdued sobbing. The volume of moaning suddenly grew into a frenzied haka led by the women of the tribes, feet stamped with that weird regularity peculiar to the natives, arms gesticulated, eyes were distended, and then everything was quiet again, save for a vague sobbing which in turn gave way to another

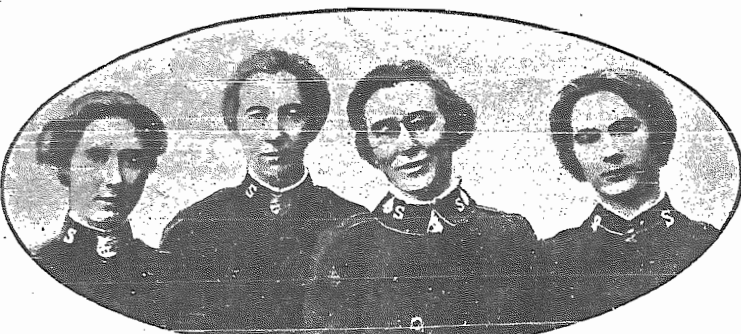
## Germany.

Extensive preparations are being made for the Harvest Festival effort. It is to be "the best yet." In connection with this effort a fine, illustrated report is to be issued.

A Kinematograph Department is the latest addition to our work in Germany.

From all reports, the German Congress must have been a wonderful affair. Officers and soldiers have been quickened by the fire of the Holy Ghost. A mighty revival has broken out throughout the whole country. Our work is better understood, and the sympathies of all classes are with us.

Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, the Editor-in-Chief of the Army periodicals in Germany, is conducting meetings at the various corps in Berlin and elsewhere. Souls are always getting saved in his meetings.



From a recent Photograph of Mrs. Bramwell Booth and Her Three Daughters.

frenzied outburst of grief. In response to a signal, the natives then sat on the floor of the lobby, and chanted a hymn-like lamentation.

### The Procession.

"At 2 o'clock the cortege left Parliament Buildings, a long line of mourners stretching far back out of sight from the starting-point. All classes and all shades of political opinion were represented. The Salvation Army was specially represented by Brigadier Albiston, Majors Twyford and McKenzie, and Staff-Capt. Williams; in addition to this, the two Wellington corps combined for the occasion, and mustered in strong force to take part in the procession. The amalgamation of the two corps bands was a good idea. The playing of this combination was of a high order, and called forth laudatory remarks from the crowd that lined the route of march to the cemetery.

### The Burial.

"The ceremony at the graveside was of short duration, and after the benediction had been pronounced, the salutes fired, and the "Last Post" played by the buglers, the immense throng of people crowded around the open vault to get a glimpse of the stately coffin, and take a last, long, loving farewell of all that is mortal of their late Premier. The shades of night had fallen over the city ere the last of the lingering onlookers had departed from the burial ground. Here we shall let Richard John Seddon rest until the trumpet sound on the resurrection morning, calling both great and small to appear before the judgment seat of Christ to be dealt with according to the deeds done in the body."—W. M.

## Schmidt's Marriage Ceremony.

You bromish now, you goot man dare,  
Vot shtandts vbon de vloer,  
To 'ab dish vooman for your vife,  
Und lub her ebbemore;  
Ta feed her vell m't sauerkaut,  
Peens, puttermilks, und scheese,  
Und in all dings to lend your aid,  
Dat vill bromote her ease?

"Yesh"; und you vooman shtandts dare  
Do bledge your vord dish tay,  
Dat you vi4 took for your hoospaund  
Dis man—und him obev;  
Dat you vill ped and poard mit him,  
Vosh, iron, und mend his clothes,  
Laf ven he shmlies, vee ven he moorns,  
Und chare his shoyts and voes?

Voll, den, I now vildin dese valls,  
Mit shoy und not mit kref,  
Bronouch you bote to pe one mind,  
Von name, von man, von beif;  
I pooblish here dese holy pands,  
Dese matthermoonal ti-s,  
Pefore Jot, mine frow, Hans and Poll,  
Und all dese gazin eyes.

Und, as de shacred Schripture says,  
Vot Got united together  
Let no man dare ashunder put,  
Let no man dare dem sever.  
Dare, britekroom, now shoost you shlop.  
Til hold tight fasth your bollar,  
Undeel you anshwer me dish ting,  
Und dat's—vare ish mine tollar?  
—Old Scrap Book.

The total world's production of steel is roughly forty million tons per year, and the average value is \$2,000,000,000.



# Young People's Page

## TEACHING A SPARROW.

Raised With Canaries. He Soon Learned to Imitate Them.

(American Journal of Psychology.)

A series of interesting experiments in which English sparrows have been taught to sing sweetly is recorded by Dr. Conradi. The aim of the experiments has been to determine what are the conditions under which birds learn and cling to their traditional notes. For this purpose he has taken very young birds of non-musical species and kept them entirely with songsters, to determine whether they would thus acquire the musical notes.

In July, 1893, he put four fledged English sparrows into the nest of a pair of singing canaries. Three of them died, but the fourth survived. This one had already acquired a sparrow chirp; but, bearing therefor only the notes of the canary, he went no further with the language which was his birthright. Instead, he came gradually, when among the canaries, to give notes different from sparrow talk. Even when he was silent, if the canaries were singing he could be seen moving his throat, as if he were trying to form the sounds, much as a person often instinctively follows a song which another is singing. At last these sounds began to be audible, and increasingly so. He began to give notes in rapid succession, three or four notes up the scale, and then repeating the top note five or six times.

Growing bolder with practice and the sound of his own voice, he soon imitated three or four runs in succession, with eight or twelve notes in each; and in the last days of September, when three months old, he went up and down on the scale, all in one run.

All the while his voice had been changing. At first it was harsh, as is natural with English sparrows; but gradually, with the effort or with the subconscious influence of the sweeter sounds about him, it became softer and a sweeter something of the canary quality.

At first he sang on a low scale and tried the top notes vainly; but as his voice became milder, he went higher more easily. He was three months old when, growing bolder, he essayed his first trill. It was short but musical, and he evidently liked it. It was repeated it, and continued steadily to practice it. It was done modestly, and after each trill he sat still and appeared to be listening. A year later, however, when the report was being written by the experimenter, he had grown to be quite an adroit at canary song, and would trill and sing continually, punctuating his song with complete circles and semicircles on a perch.

To try the effect of association upon him, Dr. Conradi removed him from the canaries, and put only sparrows about him where he heard only sparrow chatter. Gradually he ceased to sing and began to return to a neglected sparrow tongue, but when he was again hung with the canaries he regained all he had lost in less than a month.

## VOUCHED FOR.

This is a true cat story. A certain cat, much petted and adored, is believed to understand language, it having repeatedly acted upon what was said to it, but not long since it did far more and better. It obeyed literally. The man of the house is a great hunter. He loves to shoulder his gun and bring down small game, and one morning when he was setting forth for sport his wife called out: "If you will bring home a rabbit I will make a pie!" The cat sat by, but said nothing. A few hours after, while the wife was busy with her sewing, the cat appeared by her side carrying a rabbit in its mouth, and then dropping the "game" beside his mistress began to sing and purr like a tin kettle on the fire. Nothing will convince the friends of this wonderful cat that he doesn't understand all that is said in his presence, and they are now really afraid to mention a want, as the dear fellow will think he must immediately gratify it, like another Marquis of Carabas.—Boston Herald.

## THE CZAR'S REMARKABLE WATCH.

There is in the possession of the Czar a very remarkable watch. It was made by a Polish mechanic named Julia Curzon. The late Czar had heard some wonderful tales about the inventive ability of this man, and, wishing personally to test his skill, he sent him a parcel containing a few copper nails, some wood chips, a piece of broken glass, and an old cracked china cup, some wire, and a few cribbage-board pegs. Accompanying this was a command to make it into a timepiece. Within a remarkably short time the Czar received them back in the shape of a watch. The case was made of china, and the works of the other odds and ends. So pleased and astonished was the Czar that he sent for the man, conferred several distinctions upon him, and granted him a pension.—London "Tatler."

## LABRADOR IS A PEACEFUL LAND.

Sir William McGregor, Governor of Newfoundland, of which province Labrador is a dependency, has recently issued a report of a scientific and official visit which he made to that remote seaboard last summer, and among other aspects of the subject he treats especially of the absence of crime in that region.

"Labrador," Sir William says, "has a resident population of 10,000 of whom 3,500 are whites, settled along its south coast. Many of the Indians are half-breeds, and there are 3,000 Esquimaux scattered along the northern waterfront. In addition it is visited each summer by some 20,000 Newfoundlanders, who engage in fishing, which is the chief pursuit of these people. Yet there is no court or jail, magistrate or policeman, or any other officer of the law on this 1,000 miles of seaboard, where all these people are wresting a subsistence from the ocean. For thirty-three years there has been no session of court held, and in fifty years the only criminal charge which is recorded is that against an Esquimaux whose jealousy was aroused against a rival in his wife's affection, and who shot the man as he walked with her. Forty years ago there was a circuit court sent there every summer, but as it found nothing to do it was abolished. In the past Labrador was a famous pirate stronghold, and required a French squadron to reduce it."

## THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

Professor Gregory, in the May "Sunstar at Home," deals with some of the popular beliefs concerning the effects of moon and stars on the weather.

"There is (he says) no more persistent popular belief than that which connects the moon with the weather, yet when critical comparison is made between changes of the moon and changes of the weather, the only support that can be found for the belief is that which is obtained from the laws of chance. The moon changes or enters a new phase every seventh day, but in the British Isles the weather rarely remains the same more than three days, so that change of weather must often coincide with change of the moon, but this does not show that one phenomenon is the cause of the other."

Logically, it would be just as true, Professor Gregory adds, to conclude from the coincidence that the weather causes the moon to change as that the lunar phases determine the character of the weather.

As for the stars and planets, the view that these

exert an influence upon the weather is a survival of the days of astrology:

"As far as the stars are concerned, the positions they will occupy at ten o'clock to-night will be practically the same as will be presented at the same time a hundred years hence. . . . Certain groups of stars are visible at particular seasons, but they have nothing whatever to do with the cause of the seasons, which would, indeed, be of precisely the same character as they are now even if every star in the sky ceased to shine."

The stars are, in fact, adds Professor Gregory, much too far removed from the Solar System to take any part in causing weather changes.

## WORTH KNOWING.

Although more sensitive to the touch than the left, the right hand, as a general rule, is less sensitive to heat and cold.

Eighty tons of opium are sold every week to China by India, whose Government reaps a yearly revenue of \$20,000,000.

Contrary to the general belief, it is the sudden downpour of rain which causes lightning instead of the lightning causing the heavy rainfall.

At a distance of two miles below the surface the earth's temperature is the same as that of boiling water; thirty miles down it would be sufficient to melt iron.

The new City Directory shows the population of Montreal and suburbs to be 465,000, an increase of 20,000 during the past year.

The revenue of Montreal harbor since the opening of navigation this spring is \$8,120, an increase over the revenue of this period last year of \$11,186.

The largest insect in the world is probably a grasshopper found in the Karoo desert in South Africa. It has a ten-inch spread of wing.

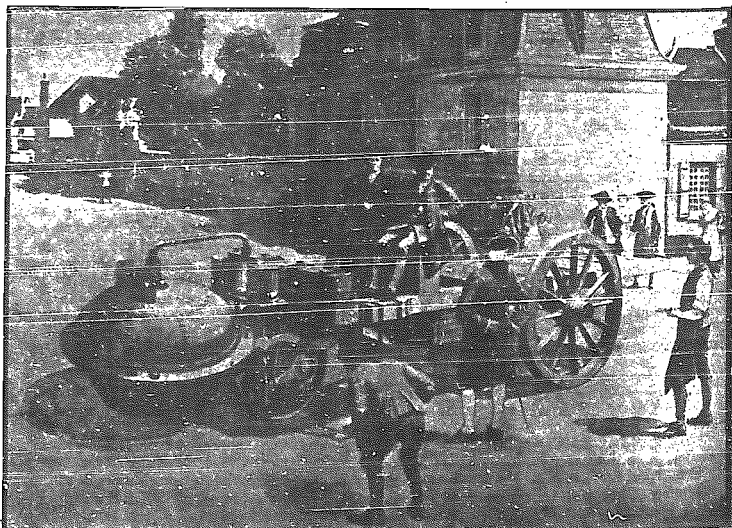
Zem, the great French connoisseur, is 95 years of age, but is still able to read without glasses. This wonderful old man has been painting since he was seven years of age.

Jesse James, the son and namesake of the famous outlaw who was the terror of the State of Missouri twenty-five years ago, is now an attorney at law in Kansas City. He is a self-made young man at 31.

One firm has been proved to make \$100,000 a year clear profit by adulterating butter in such a way that it could not be detected.

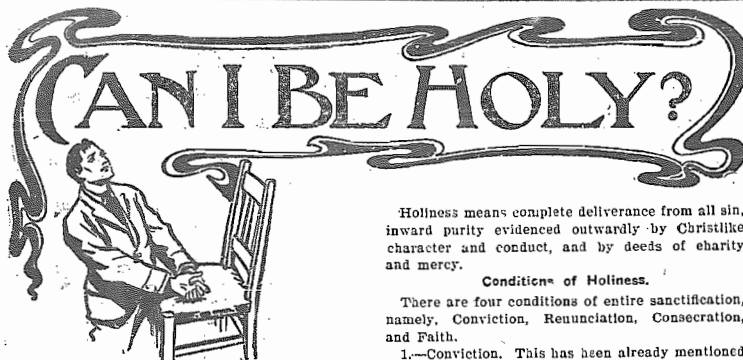
The British Houses of Parliament stand on a bed of concrete twelve feet thick, and covering an area of nine statute acres.

In Greenland it is possible to tell whether a woman is a spinster, a wife, or a widow by the color of her hair ribbon.



A Teakettle on Wheels.—The First of Motors. Cugnot's Steam-Car. 1770.

N. J. Cugnot was quite a century in advance of his time, and is rightly considered the father of automobilism. But for the French Revolution, which turned men's minds entirely away from this form of mechanics, he might have anticipated George Stephenson. His machine consisted of a wooden chassis, with three wheels. The boiler, a kettle-like contrivance, was in front, and the single fore-wheel was driven by two cylinders. The steering arrangement was not unlike that of the present day, and there were non-skidding tyres. The machine still exists, and was recently placed in one of the museums in Paris.



## How to Seek Holiness.

By Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

The seeker after entire sanctification must not permit himself to become discouraged because the goal of his desires is not reached speedily, or in just that manner he expected. Having fully recognized his need of inward purity, he must allow nothing to obstruct him in securing this blessing. A thorough searching of heart, illumined by the "lamp of truth," a firm conviction that God can and will for Jesus Christ's sake "blot out every stain," destroy every "root of bitterness," and all inbred sin, are among the very first conditions of entire sanctification. Until there is this keen consciousness, this due recognition of original sin in the heart and life, there will be no hatred, no loathing of sin because it is sin, and thus against God and displeasing to Him. There will be no sincere longing to turn away from every hindrance to spiritual progress, no laying aside of weights, no crucifixion of self, no reckless abandonment to the will of God in unquestioning obedience in order that the work of the Holy Ghost may be completed, and the heart made pure by the Spirit of God through the blood of the Lamb.

There are two very important considerations to be borne in mind while discussing this most important subject.

1.—That God requires every Christian to be holy. "Be ye holy, for I am holy," is His unalterable command, and since He has made complete provision that the work of the flesh might be destroyed, and that we might be made perfect even as "He is perfect," this command means absolute obedience to His will, which is "even our sanctification." (The cost to flesh and blood is of no consequence compared with doing as He would have us; walking in the light as He is in the light.)

"He wills that I should holy be;

That holiness I long to see;

That full, divine conformity,

To all my Saviour's righteous will."

It is His to command, ours to obey. He points the pathway, we must walk in it. He says, "Follow Me," we must take up our cross and follow Him.

2.—Man's greatest need is holiness. The Apostle, when speaking of holiness, says that "without which no man shall see the Lord." What a depth of meaning in these words, how fraught with significance. They do not only contain a message, but also a warning. We cannot be what we ought to be without holiness. We must walk in the light. If we would know that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." If we would walk with God in white in the New Jerusalem, then we must wear the spotless robes of a holy life while here.

If we ponder deeply what this means, we shall soon discover that holiness of heart is not only possible but imperative. We must be holy in order to reach the full stature of manhood in Jesus Christ. Indeed, it is the only true, God-honoring life to live. To be a Christian means to be like Christ, pure, blameless, undefiled, "sons of God, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation," among whom we are called to "shine as lights" and to show forth "the excellencies of Him who hath called us from darkness to light." We are enjoined to follow His steps, "Who did no sin, in whose mouth was no guile found, and whose life was so conspicuously and spotlessly pure, that it was the constant rebuke to the sinning and unholy."

Holiness means complete deliverance from all sin, inward purity evidenced outwardly by Christlike character and conduct, and by deeds of charity and mercy.

### Conditions of Holiness.

There are four conditions of entire sanctification, namely, Conviction, Renunciation, Consecration, and Faith.

1.—Conviction. This has been already mentioned above. It involves the full recognition of the need of holiness together with God's willingness and ability to cleanse from all unrighteousness. The absence of this conviction is frequently the cause of much failure, sorrow, and regret. Hence it is so important that the seeker after holiness should be fully alive to what it means. If he will, by earnest prayer, seek to know the mind of God, the Holy Spirit will illumine his heart and make clear to him the will of God.

2.—Renunciation. This renunciation must be as absolute as it is imperative. There must be as sincere turning away from all known wrong as there is of earnest seeking from God the divine gift. Passion must be slain. The sword of truth must be buried deep in the heart of every dominant and dormant lust. Habit-binding, lingering, doubtful, unholy habit—must be dealt with in summary fashion, as it is a sworn enemy to spiritual progress. Self-exacting, clamorous, ambitious self—must be crucified with Christ in God. The world of fashion, pleasure, luxury and ease must be abandoned. Man must sell all that he hath that he may obtain this pearl of greatest price, "the one thing needful."

3.—Consecration. "Not my will, but Thine, be done," was the Divine Master's cry in dark Gethsemane, when He was pouring out His soul unto death for the sins of the world. "The servant is not greater than his Lord." He must consecrate himself to the will of God, put himself as an offering upon the altar of sacrifice as Christ did. The follower of Jesus Christ must not only learn how to obey, but how to live in continual unquestioning surrender to the claims of his Master.

4.—Faith. This is the gift of God. When the three other conditions are fulfilled, God will give sanctifying faith. The faith that apprehends the blessing, that takes hold of the gift, that turns the promise into realization. Faith is the hand that knocks, the voice that speaks, the eye that sees. Conquering faith will not be denied. It is the violent taking hold of the Kingdom of God by force. Conquering faith is not only active, energetic, commanding, but is also humble, trustful, reliant, confident. Faith leans upon Him who has spoken, and "cries, it shall be done." He is faithful who promised, who also will do it. Oh, for trust that brings the triumph.

## GEORGE FOX, THE RED-HOT QUAKER.

Chapter XXII.—(Conclusion.)

The most striking of George's characteristics are, perhaps, his clear, practical, common sense and sound wisdom, and his sympathy with all kinds of suffering. It was not possible for him to see or hear of suffering and sorrow, without trying to alleviate it. "No grief," it has been said, "was too small for him to try to assuage, no evil too great for him to attempt to right."

His friend and warm adviser, Thomas Ellwood, writes of him that he was—  
"Valiant for the truth, bold in asserting it, patient in suffering for it, steady in his testimony to it,

Unmoveable as a Rock.

Deep was his divine knowledge, clear in opening heavenly mysteries, plain and powerful in preaching. Graciously he was in countenance, manly in personage, grave in gesture, courteous in conversation, weighty in communication, free from affectation in speech or carriage. A severe reprover of

hard and obstinate sinners, a mild and gentle admonisher of such as were tender and sensible of their failings, not apt to resent personal wrong, easy to forgive injuries, but jealously earnest where the honor of God, the prosperity of the truth, the peace of the church, were concerned. Very tender, compassionate, and pitiful was he to all who were under any kind of affliction; free of brotherly love, full of fatherly care, for the care of the churches of Christ was upon him. Beloved was he of God, beloved of God's people, and (which was not the least part of his honor) the common butt of all apostates' envy, whose good notwithstanding, he earnestly sought."

His end was peace. As some vessel full freighted, rides into the harbor on the calm bosom of a spring tide, so he was

### Borne into the Kingdom.

All through the year 1690, he attended as many meetings as his strength would allow, and wrote various epistles to different meetings. He also made a few short journeys, and paid several visits to the House of Parliament to plead against some bill that was laid before it, which he feared would be injurious to the Quakers. In the latter part of the year he settled down in London, and we are told was almost daily with Friends in meetings. On November 10th—a Saturday night—he wrote a letter to the Quakers in Ireland, and then wrote his journal up to date before he slept.

The next morning, although it was very cold, he attended a meeting. Of this meeting it is recorded he "engaged in prayer and testimony in a powerful and affecting manner."

After the meeting he went to the house of a Quaker—Henry Goldney—which was near by, to get a little rest. He was very cold, and, as he said himself, he felt the cold "strike to my heart," but, he added, turning to those who were with him, "I am glad I was here; now I am clear—fully clear."

He lay down to rest, but becoming still colder he went to bed. Then he realized that even now he was walking the

### Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Little by little, he felt his strength ebbing away, and all that night he lay in much peace and contentment. Next day, however, something weighed on his mind. He could not rest. He sent for some special friends, and to them he confided the safe keeping of Quakerism, and made them promise to see that Quaker literature was widely spread, so that future generations might be in no doubt as to what Quakerism really was.

With George Fox's death Quakerism received its first real blow. Though for years the society kept up its active evangelical work, it began to retire within itself and lost its first love for the dying world, content in keeping itself pure and unworldly. These gave their promise and George

### Lay Down in Peace,

murmuring, "All is well, the seed of God reigns over all, and over death itself. Though I am weak in body, yet the power of God is over all."

A little later, he appeared to have a great deal of pain. Someone bent over him and asked if he was suffering.

"Never heed," he said, "the Lord's power is over all weakness and death."

He lingered till Wednesday, and then, without a struggle, closed his eyes and was with Jesus.

On the Saturday he was buried. From all parts of England Quakers came to the funeral, which was an immense one. The little meeting house in Whitehall Yard was crowded, and for two hours, one after another got up and gave their testimony to the love they bore George Fox. Then the coffin was taken by tender hands to its last resting-place, and followed by a tremendous concourse of people. It was laid in that most dreary of all cemeteries,

### Sunhill Fields,

which was now, in the seventeenth century, a Quaker burying-ground. Here rested the bodies of eleven hundred Quakers, who had died of the plague, and a hundred others who had died in Newgate Prison, or on board the ship that was to take them to slavery. No headstone at first marked the place where George was buried, but a little later a plain stone, with his initials, was placed in the graveyard to denote the place where one of God's mightiest heroes lay sleeping, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

This concludes the interesting life story of George Fox. We would recommend our readers to obtain the complete book. They are on sale in the Trade Department, for 15 cents.



PRINTED FOR Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 11, Albert Street, Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. Write name and address clearly.

All communications respecting the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters relating to advertisements, and changes of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

## EDITORIALS.

**Commissioner Raitlon.** The presence of Commissioner Raitlon in our midst is an inspiration to all who know him, and to those comrades who have met or heard him recently, for the first time, it will have been such also. The record and unique personality of this unfinishing warrior—especially in times of fierce opposition—is an expression of the spirit that has laid the foundations of our glorious Army structure. We recall the feelings that were aroused by his red-hot articles in the War Cry a quarter of a century ago. One felt the thrill of the consuming passion that pulsed through his own individuality, and quivered through his pen. So today we find him the same earnest, humble, and valiant warrior of the cross, every word and act expressing the real man—a man of one purpose, one ambition, and consequently a powerful example of principles dear to every Salvationist. We appreciate highly the Commissioner's visit, and the benefit that will result from it.

**Commissioner Coombs.** Ere this is in the hands of our readers our own Commissioner will have reached the hub, on his return from what he is pleased to term a furlough, which we trust is not a misnomer. Anyway, our sincerest hopes are that both Mrs. Coombs and himself will have benefited materially by their trip to the east. It is difficult to imagine a more exacting place than that of a Territorial Commander—and the Canadian command occupies a specially unique and difficult position at the moment. The Immigration and Colonization questions alone—which are national in their extent and character—call for thought and skill of statesmanlike order to avoid something akin to a fiasco. The antipodes of which have caused expression of highest commendation from persons and places of authority. Apart from this, however, there is the intricate direction of the Army, and the endless matters that pertain thereto. There is also the responsibility connected with the purchase of properties, not only the financial, but the almost eternal issues that depend upon a decision made in the matter. Then the selection of officers of all ranks for the most suitable places in their respective spheres. The financing of the Territory is no small thing in itself. In some questions he must be a year ahead, and yet each moment of the present makes its exacting demand. Then there must be "thrown in," so to speak, the endless interviews with Government and civic authorities, and on the top of this the appointments, special meetings, and great gatherings for months ahead. We are sure the best wishes of officers, soldiers, and friends are heartily joined with those of the Territorial Staff that he whom God has given us as our leader, and who has served Canada so faithfully and well, may return as a giant refreshed, and to lead us forward to still greater triumphs.

**Colonel Jacobs.** The farewell of the Colonel from the position of Chief Secretary for Canada was duly noted at the time, and a sketch of his career and successful service was given in these columns. Now that he is actually to leave Canada and locate in London, Eng., to take up the position of Chief Secretary for the Army's local operations in that great metropolis, we feel we must bid another fond "Adieu!" assuring him and his estimable better half that the best wishes of comrades from Alaska to Labrador follow them to their new and important field of labor. Bon voyage.

# Commissioner Raitlon's Canadian Tour.

In the Garden City, at the Falls, Hamilton and Dundas, Accompanied by the Chief Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Adjutant Smith.

SUMMER FIGHTING IN CANADA—HEAT AND HUMIDITY DO NOT PREVENT VICTORY—CHEERING SMALL CORPS—INSPIRING TALKS—"JAPAN AFTER THE WAR."

Two hours pleasant sailing across the lake, on a large, up-to-date paddle steambot, will bring you to Niagara-on-the-Lake; thence half an hour's sail to Queenstown, where the cars of the Gorge Route are boarded for Niagara Falls. Those

**Wonderful Rapids, Whirlpool,** and falls, the wonder of the world. A vivid pen-picture of their beauties and grandeur could well be written here, but space and time forbid. The Commissioner had come for a meeting, and this was predominant. He thinks only of men, people, souls, and will not turn aside. Niagara is now a scene of gaiety. The health seekers from Columbia intermingling with those from the Dominion, gay in dress and manners. To intrude religion, and especially

**Religion in Blunt Form,** as the Army's Raitlon does, is somewhat striking, at least. However, the open-air on the corner, opposite the Town Hall, was free in testimony and song, and a good crowd listened attentively. Inside the Town Hall a fair crowd assembled. It was not full—no wonder, considering the heat. The corps from the American side was there, with officers and Major Casler, the D. O., from Buffalo. The Commissioner's talk on Japan after the war, referred to the Army's work and the habits of the Japanese as fighters for God. The lessons drawn from incidents observed in that wonderful land were most interesting. One soul yielded at the close.

**Dundas En Fete.** The little town of Dundas was en fete on Saturday, with Orangemen celebrating the "Victory of Derry," whatever that may mean. A scene of intense excitement stirred the otherwise peaceable streets. Drums and fife could be heard both up and down the streets; men and boys marched around

**In Heterogeneous Uniforms** of divers colors and shapes. When the Salvation Army marched out for an open-air meeting, to celebrate a greater and more noble victory, the victory of Calvary, won for the salvation of the world, it seemed like an anti-climax. A crowd gathered, however, and the Commissioner, at least, was in his element. An "open-air" crowd is a true tonic to Commissioner Raitlon every time. So far, he has not failed to speak in every open-air meeting held. He is generally first to pray and

**First to Testify,** an example to us all. Adj. Smith, with a concertina accompaniment, worked well and supplied music and song. Capt. Stickells and Thomas also sang and testified. The march to the hall was through a crowd of celebrationists, many rather the worse for liquor, and, sad to say, quite a number of youths who had

**Imbibed too Freely.** The preliminaries, conducted by the Chief Secretary, were brief, though lively. The Commissioner's address was very good—a treat to listen to, evidently greatly enjoyed. One man came forward. This visit will inspire the Army in Dundas. A night ride on the electric car brought the party to Hamilton.

**The Ambitious City.** Hamilton is situated at the foot of a range of hills, on the northern edge of the fruit belt. It is a delightful place to live in.

The Commissioner's first meeting was at the second corps, the hall being comfortably filled. It was a glorious meeting. God came very near. Holiness was presented—not in theory merely, but in an intensely practical manner. The Holy Spirit helped the Commissioner wonderfully. Eleven people came forward, all deliberate volunteers except two. One man said to the writer, "If the meeting had gone on a little longer, I must have

yielded." This was at ten minutes past one o'clock. No. 11. corps certainly had a treat.

**The New Opening.** The hall at No. 11. corps was too small for the afternoon meeting, so the Methodist Church was kindly lent by the Rev. Mr. Livingstone—but after the Sunday School, which was four o'clock. The intervening time was spent in open-air work. It was very hot and threemile, but the Commissioner, despite his weariness, remained throughout.

The Church was nicely filled, a number of young people being among the audience. Another address on Japan, full of

**Telling Points of Truth,** bearing the impress of the Commissioner's personality, was listened to with much earnest attention. A number of young people lined the altar rail at the close.

**Number One Last.** The turn of No. 1. came at night. Commissioner Raitlon was somewhat exhausted, but no persuasion would keep him from the open-air meetings. He was the first to pray and testify in the band meeting, and then walked to the soldiers' meeting, some distance away, in order to speak again, exclaiming, "What a privilege to talk to such crowds." The hall was full, and evidently much expectation on all sides. The Commissioner gave

**Another "Burning" Talk,** despite considerable weakness. It was a remarkable example of "fighting it out," as he had to sit while he spoke, and the effort was a struggle against bodily exhaustion.

The Chief Secretary "took up the running" at this point, and ably assisted by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Adj. Smith, Capt. Mordall, and others, finished a blessed meeting with fifteen souls. There were many salvation scenes to gladden all hearts. Commissioner Raitlon's Sunday at Hamilton will not readily be forgotten, as an officer said, "They are in raptures with him at our corps." Not because of any attempt to entertain or attract them; rather because of the straightest and most direct attack upon their consciences. We are glad to know that the Commissioner was better on Monday and left for London at 9 a.m., accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

## Commissioner Raitlon's Movements.

The Commissioner has received an intimation that his berth is booked on the S.S. Korea, leaving San Francisco on Sept. 4th, for Japan. This has somewhat shortened his tour and quickened his journey across Canada. He is only able to stop one night in Winnipeg, and will have a day or two only in Vancouver, B.C. His visit so far has been made a blessing to those who have come into contact with him. May God prosper him in his journey, and especially in the missionary work in Japan and China.

## Camps for Young People.

The British War Cry says: "With the successful inauguration of Holiday Camps, the Chief of the Staff's comprehensive scheme for the spiritual, moral, and physical welfare of our young people is brought a step nearer completion. Just now these camps are the scenes of happy, wholesome enjoyment, and free from the contaminating influences which are so often associated with ordinary holiday schemes, and at the smallest possible costs both boys and girls are able to indulge to the full in a healthy outdoor life, under careful and expert supervision. The camps have been selected with the utmost regard to health and convenience."

# Dates of the Harvest Festival? Sept. 22 to 25, inclusive.

Being one of the greatest and most—probably the most productive in Canada's history, this year's Harvest Festival should beat everything gone before by long odds. Brother, sister, friend, what will be your gift of praise to Him? He still delights in the free and hearty gifts of His people.



# Important Staff Appointments.

## PROVINCIAL CHANGES—A NEW PROVINCE FORMED—OTHER ALTERATIONS FORESHADOWED.

The Commissioner has communicated to the War Cry the information that the General has approved of the following new appointments of the Provincial commanding officers, whose farewells were announced last week.

Brigadier Hargrave will in future command the East Ontario Province. Brigadier Turner will go in charge of the Maritime Provinces. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp will take the oversight of a new Province, to be known as the "Western," with central offices at London, Ontario. The boundaries and extent of this new Province will be published next week.

There are certain other changes in contemplation, and arrangements for the better oversight and extension of the work in these Provinces, some particulars of which will in all probability be forthcoming next week.

## NEWSLETS.

As a result of furloughs or changes we have met with a number of officers of various ranks during the past week. Major and Mrs. Cass are changing form Chicago to Kansas City, as General Secretaries to Lieut.-Colonel Scott. They are having a couple of weeks' vacation at Bowmanville prior to taking up their new work. . . . Staff-Capt. Brooks, of New York Training Home, has also enjoyed a sniff of Canadian ozone for a week or so. . . . Adj. Cummins, beaming with western exuberance, and brown with western glow, also invaded the sanctum for a few moments. He looks none the worse for his varied experiences in the Klondike.

Sickness of a serious nature has invaded Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire's home. Mrs. Pugmire was confined to her bed for several days. Some of the children were sick, and the youngest child is still quite ill, but we are glad to know Mrs. Pugmire is gradually improving.

Brandon is the latest acquisition to the list of corps graced by a silver-plated set of "Our Own Make"—sixteen instrument. Canada is doing her part in keeping our factory in London, Eng., busy. Peterboro and London have just received additions to their former orders.

Staff-Capt. Simco is having a well-earned furlough. The Trade Secretary has been "commandeered" to look after the interests of the Cry readers in addition to Trade affairs.

An error appeared in our last issue, which stated Mrs. Commissioner McKie was on her way to Canada, which should have read England.

Mr. Victor Collier, of the Tailoring Department, is enjoying a rustication down "at the old home." The Brigadier, who is also resting there, is only making slow progress towards recovery.

The English Cry devotes a column to an interview with Brigadier Howell, and embellishes it with a column halftone of his sunshiny physiognomy. We shall order a size larger cap for his convenience in future.

"Something doing" in the Trade Department evidently. Several six-foot cases standing on the sidewalk cause some pedestrians to look askance, as if they contained Egyptian mummies, or more modern mummies. No nothing dead! Only a new lot of summer hats, officers and bandsmen's caps, etc. A good time to order summer goods, hats, lustre dress goods, etc., all new.

Major Collins, the School-master and Principal of the Haeigh Farm Colony School (England) popped in the Editorial sanctum a few days since. Being on furlough he chose to spend his vacation by escorting a company of emigrants across the mighty deep, his prospective being a visit to a married daughter resident at Buffalo. The Major reports a prosperous state of affairs at the Colony school. The main difficulty appears to be want of

space to accommodate the rising generation. During the early summer he was often compelled to migrate one of the classes, with their teacher, to a shady corner on the fields outside the schoolhouse, as the latter already contained the allotted number tolerated to its cubic feet of air! These lucky and relieving youngsters give good promise of future usefulness in the Army, if educational advantages and sound salvation teaching count to that desirable end. The Major conducted one or two meetings of privileged corps as he journeyed back homewards through Canada, which will doubtless be reported locally.

We are grieved to announce that Captain Weir, of Yorkville corps, received a telegram to say that her brother has been drowned at Annapolis, N. S. She hastened thither for the funeral. Will comrades everywhere pray that she and the other members of the family may be sustained in this sad hour, and that the solemn warning may result in the salvation of souls.

## Greatest Prayer Meeting.

The greatest prayer meeting in the world is held outside the great mosque at Delhi, India, every Friday morning, and is attended by three thousand to four thousand men. It is a very impressive sight, these throngs in that large enclosure, all gathered with the object of worship. One sees all these men in the first position of prayer, then in the second, and then in the third. But not a woman there. That is the sacred enclosure, and no woman would be permitted to go inside.

Among the Hindus every woman is taught to worship her god. She has her household gods. Men have their household gods, too. The men's gods are consecrated, but the women's gods are not, for fear she should pollute them. Mohammedanism, on the other hand, excludes women altogether; and just outside the wall of that great enclosure in which there are three or four thousand men, you might see twenty or thirty poor old women, who come to get a little crumbs of comfort they can outside the wall.

The only hope for the women of heathendom is the salvation of Jesus Christ.

For some time a committee, including among its members many of the leading philanthropists of Cape Town, has been running a Creche in one of the poorer districts. The Jewish Rabbi and a leading lady member of the committee have now waited upon Mrs. Commissioner Richards with the view of transferring the work to the Army. The institution is at present subsidized by the Government to the extent of \$500 per annum.

A very successful Camp Meeting and Summer School is reported from Beulah Park, Ohio. One hundred and forty-five souls came to the mercy seat. Colonel and Mrs. Holz were in command, and were assisted by Brigadiers Blanche Cox, Atkinson, and others. On the last Sunday the flood-tide broke loose and swept over the great audience gathered in the Tabernacle, seating 3,000 people, carrying scores of men and women into the ocean of God's pardoning love. A triumphant march, with hundreds in line, chanting and singing, closed the Camp.

## Chief Secretary's Notes.

Hot summer weather has been experienced during the past week, making the fight difficult, but the Army keeps at its business preaching the cross. The influence of the open-air meetings at summer resorts, and, in fact, everywhere held, will never be known until the judgment. No one need be discouraged when results are invisible—they are certain anyhow.

In one of the towns visited by Commissioner Railton, the lady he stayed with—a Salvationist—told him of a method they had tried to get at people about salvation. They had invited certain people to a party. Some came in evening dress, etc. When the topic turned on salvation, the result a prayer meeting and salvation, needless to say this sort of thing rejoiced the Commissioner.

At the same place a young woman, attracted by the name advertised, came to enquire, and found to her great joy that Mrs. Railton was the same who had, in days gone by, befriended and blessed her. Her delight at meeting the Commissioner, and the messages she sent to dear Mrs. Railton were many and affectionate.

I accompanied the Commissioner to the home of Mrs. Moss, at Dundas, the mother of Lieut.-Colonel Moss, the Editor of the English War Cry. A dear old saint, nearly eighty years of age, who is just waiting for the Master's call. It was a joy to her to see Commissioner Railton, first, for his own sake, and again because he had recently seen "Fred." It was a pleasant visit prior to the Dundas meeting.

The farewelling P. O.'s are the busiest of men. To set the "Provincial house in order" is no easy work. There is such an accumulation of correspondence, and so many details to be overhauled in order to leave everything in order and easily to be grasped by the incoming P. O. that night and day are both occupied in some cases.

Those who admire the Salvation Army from the outside, would appreciate it still more if they could see into the interior and see for themselves its "whirling machinery," the "wheels within wheels" that work so smoothly for the production of a great work—the amazement of the world. Those who, in a patronizing way, call the Army simple people, might be inclined to enlarge their views could they spend one week farewelling with a Provincial Officer.

Commissioner Coombs and family have had a pleasant visit to the Maritime Provinces, and it is probable that some advances will be the effect. They are due to arrive in Toronto this week. The coming fall and winter campaign will, I feel sure, be a time of great blessing.

The General is away on his Motor Car Tour, from Aberdeen to Land's End. One of the Toronto papers supplies a cartoon of Premier Whitney, of Ontario, travelling with the General and "speaking to sinners, etc." This because of a report that the Premier will spend a day with the General. How easy it seems to caricature religious subjects and the all-important affairs of men's souls, when the same paper, it may be, will give two or three columns to a boat race—a childish event—two boats trying to go faster than each other, which to sensible people seems the height of absurdity and folly for intelligent men to indulge in. If time cannot be better employed it is a sorry spectacle.

It will be well for all our comrades to bear in mind the date of the Harvest Festival, viz: Sept. 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th. There is every evidence that the Lord is favoring Canada with another prosperous year, and it is only right that the people so abundantly blessed should in turn "honor the Lord with their substance and the firstfruits of all their increase." This year should show record returns in every way.

A Japanese Cabinet Minister spoke as follows: "Unless we have righteousness at the foundation of our national existence, we shall fall short of success. I am convinced that the religion of Christ is the one most full of strength and promise for the nation."

# The General's Third Motor Campaign

## Invasion of the Scottish Highlands—Address to the Famous Black Watch and Seaforth Highlanders.

"We're off!"

The same eel-like manoeuvres, the same old trembling, vibrating sensations; the same level-headed class of chauffeurs, the same kind of hypnotic-like attraction of the cars; the same pressing, eager throngs, of men, women, and children around these modern kings of the highways, and the same expectant looks of the crowd toward the turning round of that beloved Man of the People, the General, will soon emerge.

Then the same low, rising exclamations, until they become a general shout, "There he is!" and the cars grate, twist, move backwards, forwards, sideways, and other ways—and then salutes, smiles, cheers, and the General, in his white car, is off!

### Passion of a Prophet.

Off on the old errand, leaving behind him the influences of his life, living testimonies as the results of his mission to this fair city of Inverness—one of nature's gems set in a group of heather hills—and pressing on, on, and ever on, with the passion of a prophet and the love of God burning like eternal coal on the altar of his being—on to give the world his message, preach righteousness, spread the glorious news of salvation, and exalt the claims of Christ upon all men.

It is no light task that our beloved leader has undertaken. We are so accustomed to see him go the round of campaign after campaign with the regularity of a chronometer that we are apt to forget the length of his pilgrimage, the burdens that he on his shoulders, and the difficulties—I might add the dangers—abroad.

Just consider! This is Monday morning. The General traveled all night on Friday from London, tripping off the Highland express at nine in the morning as fresh as if he had been drinking the ozone of Loch Ness for a fortnight—surprising his Staff, delighting his soldiers, and amazing the people.

### All in One Day.

A couple of hours later he was addressing the civil pillars of the city; in the afternoon keeping the typewriter in motion, conferring with Commissioner Estlin, and in the evening for two and a half hours slogging away at luke-warm salutes and former fighters for God. Yesterday he did three meetings—an average public man's week's work in one day! And now he had just been talking to the inmates of the county jail; and in half an hour he will be preaching to those famous regiments of Highland soldiers, the Black Watch and the Seaforths; and then still follow a meeting at Nairn, a drive to Forres, where he will have another gathering, and then off to Elgin, where he will have to face still another meeting.

And all in one day!—while I have not mentioned that the dogged steps of the reporter will be close on his heels, and that, at a distance, his beloved Chief of the Staff will have, perchance, to ply him with despatches, telegrams, etc. Do I, then, exaggerate when I drag in Hercules for a comparison?

### The City's Welcome.

Then last, but by no means least, the Town Council had decided unanimously to give our leader a civic welcome, with all the usual honors, in the Council Chamber, and at an hour of the day which would require some sacrifice from the members—12.30.

The ceremony was a fine, stately affair. Assembling in Provost-Ross's parlour, the General was introduced to Bailies and Councillors, and thereafter escorted by the Provost, wearing his robe and chain of office, and two Highland ushers, adorned in all the glory of the official colors, to the Council Chamber. Here there was an utter absence of perfunctoriness and formality. The Provost is a thorough believer in the Army; has occupied the position for six years, and is an ardent temperance advocate. He evidently felt proud of the occasion, and the homely way he invited Commissioner Ridsdel, Commissioner Cadman, and the visiting Staff, showed that he wanted all to feel quite at home. "Come nearer, friends! Don't stand off. Occupy any chair you like."

The scene was intensely interesting. Behind the

Provost was a study in stained glass of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and looking down, as it were, from other windows upon the General, were the familiar faces of Gladstone, Disraeli, Rosebery, the Duke of Argyll, and other men of power and intellect, and as a local reporter described it:—

"The striking face of the General shone with an exalted expression that harmonized well with the light and color surrounding him. The strong and saintly countenance, the full, deep eyes, the long white beard, and snowy locks, and the flash of crimson guernsey below the dark tunic, made up a figure that seemed to partake of the ethereal atmosphere of the stained-glass windows above him."

### The Provost's Address.

Without reading of minutes or other ceremony, Provost William Ross, addressing the General, rose and read a most hearty address, in which was expressed in almost affectionate terms the admiration and appreciation of those services rendered the world through the General's life and activities.

### The General's Reply.

The General, who was manifestly much moved, if not taken somewhat aback, by the lavishness of the affection clearly revealed in the Provost's speech, gave a reply which commanded the closest attention, and frequently called forth expressions of hearty approval.

His main point was the many aspects of the Army which appeals to people. He was delighted to observe that the religion of the Army appealed to Inverness. He understood that appreciation. The Highlands saw through the necessity of forcing upon the attention of the people, by dogged persistence and persistent measures, the truths that compelled men to think of their souls, their sins, a dying hour, the Judgment Day, and the great destiny of man beyond this life.

The Provost spoke of the General's reply as powerful and eloquent, and if the test of talking is to be measured by the effect produced on the heart, then there were not wanting plenty of evidences that this was so in this case. At any rate, the General gave the council something to think about.

### Our Highland Soldiers.

In the evening we had the soldiers' meeting in the Town Hall. The meeting may be described as a small triumph. More or less interrupted by the brawlings of drunken youths parading the street below, the General laid down in clear, definite sentences, the conditions upon which we may become true followers of Christ.

The prayer meeting brought out the fact that the word spoken was in season. A photographer who tried to snap the General on his entrance to Inverness, got shot in the heart at this meeting, and yielded up his all to God.

"I don't like these methods," said a preacher to me, before anyone came to the penitential form.

When, however, he saw them go out there, weeping, "What now? Do you still object?"

"No; I'll have to revise my objections."

If every one were as honest!

### A Quiet Sunday.

Sunday morning in Inverness is a suggestive study. No shops, tobacco stores, fruit stalls, eating-houses, or public-houses are open; no Sunday papers are on sale. There are only three main resorts to which people can go for spiritual, moral, or social recreation—church, country, or street. In whatever aspect the Scottish Sabbath is undergoing a change, here in the Highland capital the habit of quietude seems indestructible.

The General's first meeting in the Music Hall partook of this character. The large concourse of people who trooped into the porch, deposited silver or copper in the plate, climbed the stairs, and took their places within, did so without exchanging words or looks with each other. The entry of the General and his Staff evoked no demonstration. The singing was serious. The manner and spirit of the service were essentially religious.

But it would be a great mistake, if not a libel, to deduct from this that the people's view of religion

is hypochondriacal or melancholy. They are simply serious, and they took every word the General said as serious—and I have a secret suspicion that the General was delighted with this characteristic.

He startled them, of course, and made them look up, smile, laugh, and think—and think deeply—all the time. "Suppose that there were salvation for every other place in Scotland but Inverness—the angels would go into mourning for you! Suppose there were salvation for all men except you, how would you feel? It was by such questions as these that he made his audience feel the point of the sword of truth.

### Like Sunbeams.

The appeal, preceded by a series of convincing arguments, and floated, as it were, on a sea of holy influence, was not in vain. A mother with two bonnie lassies was intercepted by Major Jack Stoker on the way out, and admitted that while she did not possess the assurance of salvation, she yet desired her children to realize it. While the Major prayed on the spot, the writer led one girl and a comrade took the other, to the altar of peace—a sight that touched many hearts.

The splendid afternoon meeting, presided over by the Provost, brought forth a remarkable testimony from the Rev. Dr. Gavan Lang to the Army's operations in Australia, America, and Canada. In the latter country, he declared that the Army was a great power. Speaking of the local corps, he said the officers' visits to the prison were like sunbeams, and in saying so he spoke as chaplain.

The tour actually began by the white car rolling into the courtyard of the county jail at 8.45 a.m. Here the General, alighting, and again looking the very picture of virility and health, was warmly received by the Provost, Governor John Nicol, and Chaplain Lang.

The prison service was short, and without being invidious we may note that the silent system was for once relaxed. Both sexes, separated by a wooden partition, were present, including the prisoners who recently scaled the wall and for a weak eluded the police among the heather hills.

The men presented a fine appearance, but for the brand of their garb. The majority of them were over thirty, and, with few exceptions, bore no physical resemblance to the proverbial criminal.

After telling the men the story of a criminal's reformation and triumphant death, during which one felt the warm touch of sanctified human sympathy, the General concluded by declaring that if they would follow his counsel they would meet again under happier circumstances, if not in this world then in the Glory Land.

### The Black Watch and Seaforths.

That Scotsman who waxed eloquent over Fiac Macdonald was not so far out, either, when, with all respect to the previous night's audience, one of whom six surrendered to God, he said, "A more representative congregation, General, than the other!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the General, "sin, when found out, make men proud of little," and so saying, the General, with a salute to the officials, boarded the white car and was soon scudding along the glen to that neck of land, so famous on Moray Firth as which stands Fort George, and where resides at present the historic Black Watch regiment and the brave Seaforths.

The weather, like everything and everybody, was genial and congenial. The embattlements of the fort were dotted with the wives, children, and friends of the officers and men, who tendered their hearty salutations as the white car and its colorful companions dashed under the bastions towards the parade ground.

When that historic spot was reached, a stirring spectacle presented itself. About one thousand men, wearing tartan trousers, khaki jackets, and glengarrys, were standing with military precision in the form of a square. The white car, coming to a halt too near one end of the square, Colonel Burton, commanding the regiment, shouted, "Attention, men, give her a shove back!" and thirty hands immediately left the ranks and did as desired.

Brief introductions took place, and at a word the regiment, without breaking lines, moved forward and surrounded our leader, who at once erected a figure that commanded the admiration of the old veterans. "Every inch the man," the Highlander who has put his own stalwart figure to the test is more than one firing line.

Seen from a distance, the ceremony that followed could not fail to awaken thought and comparison. How far the interests of both of the causes represented there can be reconciled is not a question that can be discussed here; but there was no clash of sentiment, no barriers to be removed, no dividing line to be bridged. Humanity is one, and Christianity, when crystallized into practical good for mankind, is understood by all classes.

Three hundred out of the thousand men had seen active service, and met with Salvation Army Leaguers, as I afterwards learned from a Seaforth Color-Sergeant; and one could distinguish them by their very smiles. But listen! Let the General speak for himself:—

"I cannot help but be interested in you, apart altogether from your deeds, when I look upon your faces this morning. You are men mostly in the very prime of life, with your destiny in your hands, in your bosom, in the future. Therefore you have everything hanging upon how you feel and how you act to-day. Your destiny for this life and the life to come depends upon it.

"I speak not merely words of theory; I speak not merely words of sentiment. I take solemn and solid facts, and I would say that every man carries in his bosom the happiness or the woe that is before him in this world and the world to come. I cannot help but be interested in you, because you are soldiers. So am I! I am a soldier in the Army of Jehovah, and I want you to enlist. Now you are preparing for the fight; I am in the thick of it, fighting the greatest enemies and false foes that ever battled with the human race.

#### Fight Your Foes!

"Do the things that are useful for your country by fighting its foes and contending with the foul fiends that are more or less the master of the crowds about you—the fiends that curse your fellows. The drink fiend, the fiends of lust, falsehood, conceit, selfishness, and those devilish spirits that are abroad among the sons and daughters of men.

"You men have your families, your fathers and mothers, your wives and little children, and you are all dying together, and you are going to heaven together—or to hell together. You will live in happiness or misery. For the sake of your comrades and your families, my closing words to you are, if you are not right, get right with God!

"I am obliged to you for your attention, and to your Colonel and officers for giving me this opportunity of addressing you."

With three resounding cheers, called for by the Sergeant-Major of the Black Watch, the General saluted the officers, and the white car was soon cutting through the Highlands, bound for Nairn and Elgin, where the General will conclude a memorable day's program with a gathering over which the Lord Provost will preside.

### Weekly Cleanings.

Belief in Jesus involves much more than intellectual conviction, much more than emotional acceptance. It requires much more than mere belief to found one's character on the Rock of Ages. It requires daily endeavor to live aright, constant watchfulness and prayer, penitence and humility, perhaps because of temporary failure, but firm determination to dig down through all debris, deep down to the Rock of Ages, on which only a firm foundation can be built.

"Suffer yourself not to be hoodwinked," is, according to the Germans, the eleventh commandment. Jesus was not the suave person that some men depict Him, and He did not desire that His followers should always be gracious and hospitable. "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing," said He.

The thought of this injunction recurs not infrequently in the New Testament. Toleration was not done to death in those days as it is in ours, and men were not so occupied in bragging of their open-mindedness that they fell a dupe to every deceiver.

If a man says, "I love God, and I desire the welfare of all mankind, and I am filled with hope and peace," what can take his experience away from him? For Christianity is an experience, not a conviction; it is a possession, not a mere belief of the outward understanding.—Becher.

## An Officer from Jerusalem.

Assign Anna Knüttel, a Dutch officer, who recently returned to England from Palestine, tells an interesting story of the work among the poor in that country:

From childhood there has been a great love in my heart for God's own people, Israel, and a longing to live and work in the land God Himself has given them. I thank Him, therefore, that in due time He enabled me to go to Palestine, and I have not been disappointed.

From all the countries of the earth Jews come to Palestine. I have seen old people carried about to see the holy places before they closed their eyes and were laid in the graves of the fathers.

Others have left the country where they enjoyed good living to suffer poverty in the holy city. A young Jewish woman, from Switzerland, assured me of her satisfaction with a piece of bread and an onion in Jerusalem, instead of three substantial meals in Basle.

The dwellings of the poor in Jerusalem deserve not the name of homes. A European would not have his animal put in such places. The rooms are full of evil odors, and have absolutely no light.

Indeed, I had to carry a candle when visiting in these houses. They contain no furniture whatever. A piece of old matting on the stone floor, the remains of what had been bedclothes, a water jar, and an empty flour-barrel, these constitute the ordinary furnishings of the home.

#### Halt and Blind.

Or the bed you often find a victim of fever, groaning and groping for the water jar, which is too soon empty in summer time, when every pail of water has to be paid for.

As in times of old, when Jesus was on earth, the maimed and the halt and the blind are found in the high-ways and hedges. This poor beggar, who moves his hands and knees, has wounded himself all over his body in order to get mere money from the pitying public, all of whom he will spend for strong drink. I counted three public-houses in one small street in the Holy City.

It is difficult to gather Jews to a Christian meeting place. We tried to reach them by offering Salvation literature on the roads, outside the town, and inviting them to visit us in our house. The way in which our invitation was accepted differed greatly. Well I remember the flash in the eyes of a tall, well-built man, who, after reading a few lines, spit on the paper and tore it into a hundred pieces. Another man accepted the literature timidly, hid it under his clothes, gave us a friendly nod and moved quickly away to avoid a conversation.

There was another who invited me to accompany him to his house. On arriving there he shut the door and eagerly asked me for a New Testament in the Hebrew language.

Not only the Israelites inhabit Palestine, there are also the Ishmaelites, or Arabs, who live partly in tents and partly in houses. The majority are Moslems, the others confess Christianity in the Roman and Greek Churches, and a small minority are the Protestants, converts to the German and English missions.

#### Never a Kind Word.

The Moslem woman leads a very sad life. From morning to night she drudges on and on, without even getting a kind word from her husband who bought her, and who is perfectly free to send her away at any time. How glad we were to gather these poor souls together and to speak to them with the help of an interpreter, about Christ. It requires great patience to explain the simplest truths to these women.

I also had the privilege of visiting the prison for women. All of them, young and old, were packed together; some wearing heavy iron chains round their legs. They gathered round us and listened to what we had to say, all the time hoping to get something from us to eat. One cannot blame them for that, as they receive only just enough to keep them alive.

There was one woman from Gaza, who had been locked in for fifteen years on account of murder. No ray of hope ever illumined her dreary life, nothing you say makes any impression on her; only one thing can bring a change of expression in her face—something to eat!

Much has been done in Palestine, by different societies, to help the poor and suffering. But still there is much spiritual and social work remaining to be done. A band of united workers, of one mind, with one purpose, the winning of souls, and well trained for the work, is what the Holy Land needs most of all.—Anna Knüttel, Ensing.

Ah, brother, that life is but a poor fragmentary one which seeks God by fits and starts; and that seeking after God is but a half-hearted and partial one which is only experienced in the moments of grief and pain.—Alexander MacLaren.



Types of Jews in Jerusalem.

### Old Boys' Reunion at Stratford.

The S. A. Has a Look in.

Week-end meetings in connection with the Old Boys' Re-Union conducted by Adj. Bloss, assisted by Bandmaster Packham, of Toronto. The city was beautifully decorated with colored incandescent electric lights, so that it looked like fairy land. The city is alive with visitors, bands of music, processions, shows, etc. The Salvation Army is not behind. Crowds flocked around the open-air all day Sunday and Monday, to listen to the cornet solos given by Bandmaster Packham, many of them being musical critics of other bands. Bro. Widerholt, a properly converted German, read the lesson for us on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Adj. Bloss is able to help more in the meetings, and her solos are very much appreciated. Capt. Carter, another musical genius, is helping the balance of the week. On Sunday night at the open-air a gentleman took up a collection for us amongst the crack band of the 48th Highlanders, of Toronto. Much good is being done by the open-air meetings.—One of them.

### Our Mail Bag.

Bird Island, Nfld.  
We haven't any Salvation Army here, but Lieut. Canning, from Dog Bay, was with us for three days conducting open-air meetings. Big crowds gathered round and fourteen souls sought and found the Saviour. They are doing well. Others were convicted but would not yield.  
Cand. Spianey,

# CORPS BULLETINS

## Wake Up, Correspondents! Wake Up!

What's the matter? Have the Corps Correspondents succumbed to the torrid conditions of the past few weeks? Or is the absence of real red-hot, spicy reports an indication of the prevalence of the frigid? If so, is it in the Correspondent or the corps? Come now, wherever the difficulty is, there is a remedy, and you know where to find it. Do so at once. A live, terse report of the conversion of that drunkard saved at your corps recently might by now have been the means of the salvation of another like him. See how you are neglecting not only your talent, but YOUR OPPORTUNITY as well.

Officers are earnestly requested to see that interesting items concerning the work in their corps is reported. No officer should complain about the Cry not being interesting who does not do their part to make it such.

We don't want long rigmaroles about abstract things, the what "we're believing for," and what is likely to happen. But we do want—and that badly—is a weekly snow storm of short, bright, pointed, pithy reports of soul-saving and soul-blessing results. Now then, Correspondents, rub your eyes, shake yourselves up, and let everybody know there's "something doing" at your corps.

We submit the following as one of the best examples of corps reports received for this issue:

**SHERBROOKE.** We have had a wonderful time this week-end. On Saturday night we had a sing-song, which was a success, and ended by one soul yielding to God. On Sunday God came upon us in great power and blessed us in the open-air meetings. In the

**BURIN.** On July 15th thirteen souls Eighteen Souls, surrendered to God. One sister was dying when she came, and we think it will be her last meeting on earth. On Sunday five more yielded to the feet of Jesus and received pardon.—Jessie Inkpen.

**CHANNEL.** On Saturday night Saved Through Visitation. God wonderfully blessed us, and we rejoiced over a poor wandering one coming back to the fold. Our visitation this week has been of great blessing to us and many sad hearts have been cheered. One dear brother, who has been pleaded with time after time, but had always hardened his heart, we found reaching death. On asking him about his soul he expressed a wish to be prepared to meet God, and we read the Bible to him and prayed until the light dawned on his soul. To-day he is praising God and saying it is sweet to know Jesus.—M. Ball.

**CLINTON.** Our band occupied the town A National Anthem band stand on Saturday night and gave a National Anthem entertainment. An excellent program was rendered and the music was enjoyed by all. The Town Council has donated \$50 towards our band. May God bless them.—Tiller.

**HAMILTON B.** We have been favored with a visit from our P. O.'s Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor. The meetings conducted by them were seasons of blessing. Soldiers encouraged to go on and many convicted. One soul surrendered to God. We are looking forward to greater victories. The Hamilton people extend a hearty invitation to Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor to make us another visit in the near future.—Lily Patrick, Lieut.

**HEART'S DELIGHT.** We have welcomed Lieut. One Soul. Coveyduck. Sunday was a day of blessing to our souls, and at the close of our meeting one wanderer returned to God. We had a hallelujah wind-up.—J. C.

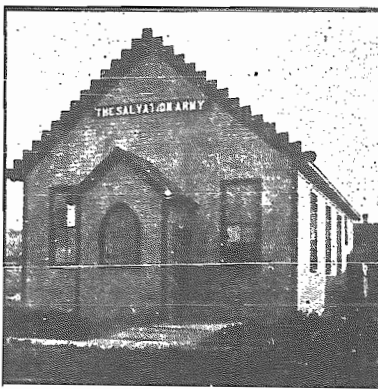
**KINGSTON.** We have just celebrated our Annual Picnic. The biggest crowd attended that has been known for years. Two boats were loaded with excursionists, who all enjoyed the outing to Long Island Park. The meetings on Sunday were times of power, and in spite of the hot weather the crowds were good, and two souls sought salvation.—Lookout.

**LISGAR STREET.** Another special effort Presentation of Colors, towards raising the money required for the band was put forth by the corps on Sunday, Aug 5th. Staff Inspector Archibald acted as chairman at the afternoon meeting in the Association Hall, and Lieut-Colonel Pugmire gave an able and interesting address on "Life Within Prison Walls." It was also the occasion of the presentation of new colors to the corps, and the Staff Inspector expressed the hope that the soldiers would be obedient to the principles that the flag represented. A salvation meeting was conducted by Lieut-Colonel Pugmire at night, assisted by Adj. Cummins, lately from the Yukon, and the Prison Gate Staff. Two souls sought the Saviour at the close, and over \$60 was collected for the band fund during the day, the

afternoon one backslider gave her heart to God. The open-air at night was a wonderful time. Three young men followed to the hall, and before the first meeting closed one of them walked right out and gave himself to God, followed by the other two during the prayer meeting—all volunteers.—W. M.

record amount of \$20 being given, in one open-air meeting.

**NELSON.** This past week has been a time Seven Souls. of refreshing and joy to our souls. Last Saturday night three dear men came to God, and on Sunday night two sisters gave themselves over into His keeping. Tuesday night we started our soldiers meeting as usual, but the people stood on the outside and drank in the sing-



S. A. Barracks, Selkirk, Man.

ing, etc., until, prompted by God's Spirit, with one accord, we opened the doors and invited everyone to come inside. We had a good lively meeting, with lots of conviction. Then we started our prayer meeting and after one and a quarter hours' hard fighting God gave us the victory, and two backsliders (man and wife) came back to God. Oh, what a rejoicing we had. Our crowds are getting better every day.—Oncocker.

**OWEN SOUND.** We had a glorious day on Sunday. God's power was felt in every meeting. We held an open-air in the park on Sunday afternoon, and at night, when the invitation was given, two precious souls came and plunged in the fountain. May God keep them true. Capt. Porter is holding the fort while Staff-Captain McNamee is having a much-needed furlough.—Lieut. Nellie Politt.

**ORANGEVILLE.** Sergeant Bunton, from the Training College, was with us for this week-end. He led two open-airs on the Saturday night, in which the soldiers readily joined, and told what God had done and was still doing for them. Little was known of the good that was done by those open-airs that night. But on the Sunday morning, at holiness meeting, one brother (who was forcibly struck on the Saturday night) came for salvation, and got it. He came to the open-air at night, and inside he gave his testimony as to how he was satisfied with what he had found in the morning. In the afternoon a

dear young girl sought and found Christ, and we are believing for more in the near future. We pray, and ask all readers to pray also, that God will keep these two dear comrades and that they shall be out-and-out Salvationists for God and sons.—Violet Allen, Lieut.

**PARRSBORO.** We are still going ahead, and Fourteen Souls. God has been wonderfully blessing us. Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Wilbur have taken charge, and we have had the joy of seeing fourteen precious souls seeking pardon. Captain is a hustler. We have had electric lights put into our hall, a new cooking stove into the quarters, and several other much-needed improvements. Our crowds are improving, and altogether we are having victory.—Max.

**PETERBORO.** Our officers, Staff-Captain A Family Find Jesus. and Mrs. McAmmond, are away on a short furlough, which they merit very much, as they have worked hard while here. During their absence Ensign Comstock is leading us on. A week last Sunday the story of the Prodigal re-told brought five to the mercy seat. It was beautiful to see a father, mother, and child kneeling there. They were just out from the Old Land, and found Jesus in Canada. Last Wednesday and Thursday we had with us Capt. Gowers, who spent five years in the West Indies. She gave us a very interesting account of the S. A. work among the natives there. We enjoyed the Captain's visit very much, and we hope she will come again soon. Our band is making rapid strides lately. They have been granted \$150 from the Town Council, and they also gave a concert every Thursday night in Victoria Park where a large number assemble to listen to sacred music.—Cambrin.

**PICTON.** Captain Salter has farewelled and Seven Souls. gone to take charge of Tweed. We have welcomed Lieut. Sproule. We are putting up a good fight here, and this week-end have seen seven precious souls at the mercy seat.—S. V. Ash.

**ST. CATHARINES.** We have had the pleat- The Band Doing Well. ure of a week-end's meetings with Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor. On Saturday night the band turned out, meeting the Brigadier at the war, and then marching back to the hall, where we had a most blessed time. We were much encouraged. On Sunday we had a splendid time in the park, and the night meeting was a hard-fought battle for souls. On Monday night the band held an ice cream festival and concert, which was well attended, and which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Our band is doing well, and is a great help to our work. May they ever play and pray for Jesus' sake. Amen.—C. M. D.

**ST. JOHN'S II.** On Thursday, Aug 2nd, God Saved in Open-Air. graciously manifested His power to save. As a small band of officers and soldiers marched to their open-air stand, and on their knees earnestly sought God's blessing on their meeting, one dear brother, somewhat under the influence of strong drink, made his way close to the stage and, in a moment of sin, rising from her knees Capt. Jones, the officer in charge, addressed the people, while a comrade dealt with our brother about his soul. Seeing his deep conviction and great desire to be saved, the meeting was quickly turned into a prayer meeting, and we had the joy of pointing a soul to Him who can save the sinner in the uttermost. This is a very unusual occurrence in this part of the Lord's vineyard. Newfoundland Salvationists rose to the occasion as Newfoundland Salvationists are so capable of doing, and showed much of the Christ Spirit in their kindly dealing with a fallen brother. Proceeding to the hall a salvation meeting was conducted, after which our brother returned to his home praising God for His goodness, much to the joy of his wife and family.—Isphah.

**STRATFORD.** Adj. Walker, of St. Thomas, Life Story of Adj. Walker. visited, and conducted the week-end meetings. His talks were

very much appreciated, especially his "Life Story," given on Monday night, which caused roars of laughter at times, and was full of real good matter, which was very helpful to the soul. We say, "Come again, Adjutant."—F. R. B.

**SPRINGHILL MINES.** We are pleased to welcome in our midst Ensign and Mrs. Hudson, all the way from Bermuda. We had a splendid week of victory and souls trying for mercy. Ensign Richards is staying with us until the 16th, then we will have to part with her. Splendid meetings all day on Sunday. We finished up at night with five souls, all good cases. Band boys and soldiers worked hard.—S. H.



**SYDNEY MINES.** After being handicapped New Citadel in view, for so many years by the need of a new barracks, things have taken a turn for the better. Adjutant Thompson, our Financial Special, has arrived in town to spend two weeks raising funds, and Ensign Freeman, the Building Special, is also on the spot and has already started operations. We have a fine lot paid for on Fraser Ave., one of the principal streets in the town, and in about two months we expect to be able to worship under our own "vine and fig tree." The Adjutant and Ensign led the meetings on Sunday. The heat was almost unbearable, yet good crowds came along. The soldiers are feeling good over the prospects of a new Citadel. Tuesday evening we had a great nationally meeting, when fourteen different countries were represented by comrades wearing the native costume. The crowds flocked around the open-air to hear a solo in the Hindoo language. The children well advertised our meeting on the way to the Temperance Hall. The meeting inside was very interesting, as well as instructive. Each one performed their part very nicely. The friends gave \$5 in the special collection for the new Citadel.—Lieut. Stairs.

**TEMPLE.** Despite the hot weather, and the Forty Souls in many attractions that would keep people from our hall, God is giving us good times. From July 22nd to August 5th we have had forty souls come to the penitent form for salvation. On Thursday, July 23rd, the Scotch brothers and sisters, led on by S. M. Robinson, gave us a good time and God blessed their efforts by giving four souls. On Saturday night Bro. McCartney gave us his Salvation Army experience of eighteen years. On Sunday, July 29th, we wound up with eight souls for the day. Last Thursday night Mrs. Adjt. McElheney, assisted by P. S. M. Rice and Bro. Cox, gave us a very interesting history of the Army's work in Newfoundland on Sunday, Aug. 6th, is a day to be remembered. Brother and Sister Constable, Gold Medalists of the Royal Academy of Music, were with us, and their singing was a treat. The day ended with three for salvation and one for sanctification. Our officers are in for victory. The straight-from-the-shoulder talks by Adjt. McElheney are convincing.—R. B. S. for Adjt. and Mrs. McElheney.

**TORONTO JUNCTION.** On Saturday night great Led Brother to Christ. crowds listened to our songs and testimonies and God was with us in power. The afternoon open-air on Sunday was held in the park. At night one of our soldiers had the joy of leading his brother to Christ. He was followed by another young man, and God spoke peace to their souls. Two came for sanctification in the morning.—Secretary.

## Promoted to Glory.

### MOTHER BATTLE IN HEAVEN.

Death has again thinned our ranks at Petrolia, in the removal to the better world of dear Mother Battle. Our sister had been sick for a long time, but had lived to the ripe age of 76 years. When she fell ill she was weary, and her end was peace. Mother sought the Lord many years ago, when Ensign Myles was stationed at Petrolia, and though not able to be much at the front, her influence in the home and family circle was very great. A great number attended the funeral, which was under the direction of the S. A., and an impression was made on those present for eternity. Our prayers are with the bereaved family. May God bless them all.—Ensign LeCocq.

### Special from Cobourg.

Cobourg is on the up-grade. Things are looking bright for the future. Since coming here our effort has indeed been owned and blessed of God. Glorious week-end meetings, led by Capt. Hurd. He gave a Kneelight service Saturday night, entitled "The Way to Heaven." One brother raised his hand expressing his desire to find the way. At the Sunday morning holiness meeting a beautiful spirit prevailed, while the Captain spoke of Moses' faithfulness to God. Two sisters came forward, one being a colored girl, daughter of a Baptist minister in the States. She had been Superintendent of the Sunday School for years, but not living in the possession of full salvation. She received it at this meeting. Glory to God.

At 2.30 p.m. we held an open-air meeting. An old gentleman over eighty years of age stepped into the ring and sang the good old song, "Joyful, joyful will the meeting be," etc. We stood in front of the large Arlington Hotel, and the people gave us \$8 collection.

At 7.30 p.m. we met for another rousing open-air. Great salvation meeting inside, subject being "Fools." Finished up with three souls. Thirty dollars income. To God be all the glory.—Maidie Davis, Capt.

## Commissioner Railton's Meetings at Kingston and Montreal.

### A Delayed Report.

Following up the successful gatherings conducted at Montreal by the Commissioner, special services were held at the above mentioned places, with splendid results. At Cornwall, we found the town in the midst of extensive preparations for their "Old Boys' Reunion," but in spite of this and counter-attractions, the Commissioner, assisted by the P.O., pitched in with no uncertain sound, both in open-air and inside gatherings, and considering the excessive heat and other combinations which seemed against us, an excellent meeting was held. We had to rush off to catch the train, consequently did not see the results of the prayer meeting. We are hoping, however, that sinners were found seeking God's salvation.

A full day was put in at Kingston. In the morning, accompanied by the P. O., Staff-Capt. Fraser and Creighton, the Commissioner thoroughly

### Inspected the Kingston Penitentiary,

through the courtesy of the Warden. The workings of this institution were fully explained by the Guard who accompanied us to the different buildings, with the result that the Commissioner received valuable information, which doubtless will do him good service in Japan.

In the afternoon the Commissioner's time was taken up in visiting an ex-officer, and the hospital, where the Commissioner was anxious to accompany the P. O. to see Mrs. Ensign Crego. Following this, an excellent officers' council was held. The advice given by the Commissioner will not soon be forgotten by those present. Adjt. Sims had secured an excellent crowd for us in connection with the night meeting. The Commissioner was especially pleased with the open-air rally, also with the way the comrades took hold of the inside gathering. After giving us a splendid talk, followed by a well-fought prayer meeting, we had the joy of seeing eight men and women surrender themselves to the Master.

At midnight we said good-bye to the Commissioner. We returned to Montreal, the Commissioner journeying on to Niagara Falls. Although the Commissioner's visit was very brief, we are certain it has been made a great blessing to all who came in contact with him.

### Temple Band at Rochester, N.Y.

On Saturday, Aug. 6th, the Temple Band crossed the lake to Rochester, on the S.S. Toronto. The people on board requested that some music be given and the band obliged them for an hour. The people appreciated it and gave \$16 when the collection was taken up.

Adjt. Heift met the party at Charlotte and conducted them safely to their destination. Staff-Capt. Manton conducted a holiness meeting on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon a visit was paid to Ontario Beach, a summer resort. Here the band played to an audience of 26,000 people for an hour, after which a meeting was held.

On Monday night the Citadel was crowded, and after holding a meeting the band strated for home again on the "Kingston."

### FOES OF SLEEP.

#### Great Physician on the Causes of Insomnia.

The greatest foe of sleep (says Sir William Broadbent) is perhaps terror; suspense and anxiety come next. Speaking generally, continues Sir William, emotional excitement relating to the future and to action is a greater cause of wakefulness than grief and regret for the past. Grief, however, often gives rise to protracted sleeplessness; indirectly, it affects the digestion, and then dyspepsia interferes with sleep.

When cold feet interfere with sleep, it is not merely through the feeling of cold as such, but by an influence on the general and cerebral circulation. Coldness of the feet, indeed, is often a concomitant of sleeplessness, rather than its cause.

When the feet are cold after hard brain work, the blood seems to be positively shut off from the feet. A hot bottle is then often of no use, and the best way of warming the feet with a view to procuring sleep is to stand in cold water, and then rub the feet with a rough towel.

The wild Manchurian ginseng, such as is sent to the Emperor of China, costs about \$650 to \$800 gold per pound. The imported American ginseng brings only \$3 to \$30 per pound.

## Eastern Items.

### By Panger.

On account of the heavy rush of immigration work I have neglected to do my War Cry reporting for some time now, but I will try to do better in the future.

Lieut. Sexton, late of the Training College comes into the Halifax District. He will assist Captain Bessinghwaite, at Liverpool.

Adjt. and Mrs. Jennings have also come into our midst. They will take charge of the Immigration Work for the Eastern Province, and reside at Halifax. Their many friends in the East will no doubt be glad to welcome them back again.

Adjt. Wiggins and Capt. Ogilvie, who have been tooting the District, are back to their corps work again.

Dartmouth is getting a move on. In spite of the hot weather, Capt. Ogilvie has had a hard, stiff pull there, but victory has rewarded his efforts. The finances are improving, the spiritual condition of the corps is on the up-grade, and some souls are getting saved.

Adjt. Wiggins, after a nineteen-months' stay at Halifax 1, is farewelling on the 12th inst. He goes to Ontario for a visit, and will not take another appointment in the Eastern Province.

Capt. Cavender and White have been visiting Halifax in the interests of Grace-Before-Meat and Mercy. They spent last Sunday at No. 1. At the evening meeting one soul sought Christ.

Halifax II. corps held a very successful picnic at Princess Lodge to-day. No. 1. brass band was in attendance. The day was all that could be desired, and the financial return was, I think, very gratifying to those who worked hard to make the affair the success it was.

I recently spent a Sunday at Woodstock. Although the thermometer was in the vicinity of 100 in the shade, the crowds all day were good, and although no one got saved, we believe that the meetings were not held in vain. Ensign Miller, assisted by Capt. Snow, has been stationed at Woodstock over a year, and in that time some of the worst sinners in the town have got saved. The corps is in an excellent condition, and the future seems bright with promise. Like some other places I know about, a new barracks is badly needed. The meetings are at present being held in a disused factory, in an unsuitable locality, but the people come in the same.

"We had one of the worse cases in Picton County saved last night. He is a wonder of God's grace. His wife got saved as well. Glory to His name." Extract from a letter received this morning from Capt. Neil Smith, Westville.

### Thoughts of Comfort.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Trials are medicines which the Great Physician prescribes because we need them. Then let us trust in His skill, and thank Him for His prescription.

Christians are often employed in digging wells to find comfort, and the deeper they go the darker they get; the fountain of life, salvation, and comfort is above. Call upon thy God and look up, and the light of His love will soon cheer thee.

There are thousands of hearts that are throbbing all the time with a sense of insignificance, and saying, "Who am I? What can I do? I have no wealth, no education, no position." That is true; but there is a Saviour who judges not by the magnitude of a gift, but by the desire there is behind it.

As water runs down from the swelling hills, and flows together in the lowly vale, so grace flows not but into humble hearts. Thank God, it is flowing like a river and all may be supplied who will stoop to drink.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out brightly in the pattern of life.—Cannon Farrar.

What can be more illustrative of the old adage about sins "coming home to roost" than the conviction meted out to an Indiana family early this month? Father, mother, and son were sentenced to life imprisonment for murder. Another boy is actually serving a jail sentence for a petty crime, and yet two smaller children are in a reform school. "Like father, like son." Surely this family has been cruelly sinned against by both parents, and the State has to pay damages.

## Children of the State.

"His father died, and his poor mother sank deep into the mire of a sinful life. The lad lived with her until Mother State took him, and passed him on to the Salvation Army for training." The paragraph, taken from a Social report just issued by Commissioner McKie, gives a striking idea of the fostering care which the Government of Australia bestows on children of criminal or drunken parents.

As is well known, the Salvation Army has for many years been entrusted by Australia with the care of hundreds of children who, in this country, would be called reformatory boys and girls, but who in the Commonwealth are known as Children of the State.

For boys, the Army has eight well-equipped Homes throughout Australia, in which there are about three hundred lads who are not only receiving a school education, but are also being thoroughly trained in agricultural pursuits. The change effected in the lives and character of these boys is remarkable. The officer in charge of our Mount Barker Home, South Australia, writes regarding a typical instance:—

"One among the number of boys sent out to situations this year travels many miles to attend a place of worship on Sundays. On coming to us he was totally ignorant, and at fourteen and a half years had to commence with his alphabet. We kept this boy twenty-one months. In that time he got on splendidly at school, with the result that now he can write well, and is sufficiently educated to manage his own business. He also learned to milk, drive, and generally do useful work. We never dealt with a lad who was more grateful for help given, or who more readily accepted the message of salvation. When we received him his livelihood was gained by selling stolen poultry."

Our work amongst the girls is equally successful. There are seven Girls' Homes in the Commonwealth and New Zealand, established and managed by the Army, and these excellent institutions have accommodation for 270. About a hundred trained girls are sent out to situations every year.

"I cannot manage my daughter, your Worship; she is beyond my control." Sad words indeed for a mother to have to use in connection with her twelve-year-old child.

The scene was a court-house in one of the States, and the plaintiff was a careworn-looking widow, with hands that showed that she earned her living at the wash-tub. Further evidence elicited the fact that Rose, the daughter, was in the habit of escaping through the window at night, staying out very late, and playing truant from school.

The mother pleaded that her daughter should be sent to one of the Salvation Army Industrial Schools. This was done, and for a time the girl's conduct gave a good deal of satisfaction to the officers. At the desire of the mother, she again returned home.

But, alas! away from godly influences, the girl again gave way to temptation, and became that most pitiful of all sights—a girl larrikin. Her conduct became so dreadful that the police authorities intervened, and Rose was returned to the Home for a period of some years. Special interest was taken in her by the officers, but her terrible temper and bad habits caused them a deal of sorrow.

However, their prayers and toil on her behalf eventually bore good fruit, for, some time after leaving the Home, Rose became a full-uniformed Salvation Army soldier. She gives great satisfaction to her mistress, and has now been accepted for officership.

## Finnish Advances.

The summer campaign in Finland is progressing with splendid success. Our special correspondent at Helsinki writes:

"The increased open-air privileges which we have secured this year usher in a new era in the history of our work in Finland. In practically every town we have now liberty to march and hold open-air meetings, and our people are making the most of this glorious opportunity to proclaim salvation to the multitudes.

"In Helsinki, where we have never before been able to march, the police now allow us to do so whenever we like, the result being that each of the Helsinki corps have marches and crowded open-air meetings every Sunday afternoon and several times during the week. We hold open-air meetings in the beautiful parks, and also on some of the open spaces of the city. New interest is being created in the Army, crowds listen to us who otherwise would not be reached, and new regular attenders at our indoor meetings are thus secured.

"One of the most encouraging features in this open-air work is the effect it is having upon our



Jewish Mechanics.

soldiers. Instead of the summer being 'hard and dry' it is now a time of greater opportunity, and their 'blood-and-fire' fighting spirit is thus being awakened. Those who at the commencement of the summer were inclined to be timid are becoming bold and enthusiastic.

"The splendid crowds we gather in the open-air are a tremendous inspiration.

On Sunday last Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Howard held a united open-air meeting in Brunspark, Helsinki. The united corps assembled at the Temple, and with flying colors and brass band at the head, marched through the town. Unfortunately, it began to rain, but that did not dampen the ardor of our soldiers. A fine crowd gathered and listened for an hour and a half most attentively. At the close three souls came and knelt at the penitent form in the pouring rain.

"At several corps meetings held in the open-air souls have also sought salvation. All over the country the open-air campaign is going ahead full swing, and is, we believe, preparing the way for a winter of glorious revival.

"Colonel and Mrs. Howard have recently returned from a tour in the Far North, where we have two corps beyond the Arctic Circle. The farthest is about two hundred English miles beyond the railway, and has to be reached by road only. Eight days were spent on the road in open cart, covering about four hundred English miles.

"Colonel and Mrs. Howard also visited one of the latest openings, Kittila, our most northern corps where the midnight sun is seen in all its beauty. Crowds listened to them, hungering and thirsting after real salvation, and there were some glorious cases of conversion. Some of the people had come in forty, sixty, and up to eight kilometres to be present. There is every prospect of a glorious salvation victory in the Far North of Finland.

"Two new corps, close up to the Russian frontier, are about to be opened, one of which is only a short distance from St. Petersburg.



## HANDY HINTS FOR HEALTH AND HOME.

A hot bath, with or without soap, is a sedative and a help to the body when exhausted. It is best taken at night, when tired.

Always save the water in which rice is boiled, for it is very nourishing. Add it to milk, soups, or gravies. When cold it will be nearly a jelly.

Rickety children require plenty of sunlight and fresh air, and to be warmly dressed. A large quantity of good milk should be given them, and cod-liver oil.

If any little rough scales appear on a baby's head, do not wait until they have developed into ugly scabs, but rub on at once a little sweet oil or vaseline. The grease may be removed, if necessary, by washing the head with yolk of egg and a little warm water.

To Clean Britannia Ware.—It should be first rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil, then washed in warm suds, and rubbed with soft leather and whiting.

During the first two years and a half of life a child should be bathed once a day. The bath should be given at a regular time. It is best to select some hour in the early morning.

If the chimney is on fire, throw some powdered brimstone on the fire in the grate, or ignite some on the hob, and then put a board or something in the front of the fireplace to prevent the fumes descending into the room. The vapor of the brimstone, ascending the chimney, will then effectually extinguish the fire.

To Prevent a Lamp from Smoking.—To prevent a lamp from smoking, soak the wick in strong vinegar and dry before using. Also, lamp chimneys should be cleaned by simply twisting half a newspaper and rubbing it up and down; this produces a splendid polish, being a preventive also from breaking by heat.

The foolish practice of feeding an infant every time it cries has often laid the foundations of future chronic indigestion. Regular hours should always be observed in feeding children.

Butter which has become rank in flavor can be made quite sweet by adding and mixing well two and a half drachms of carbonate of soda to every pound of butter. Lard or dripping which has turned a little may be made sweet in the same way.

Economical Pea Soup.—Boil for four hours two quarts of green pea-hulls in four quarts of water, in which beef, mutton, or fowl has been boiled; then add a bunch or bouquet of herbs, salt and pepper, a teaspoonful of butter, and a quart of milk. Thicken with a little flour.

To Bleach Linen that has Turned Yellow.—Place a large saucenpan over the fire containing a gallon of milk, into which has been put one pound of white soap. When this has melted, put in the linen and boil for half an hour. Take it out and wash well in a lather of soap and warm water, afterwards rinsing through two cold waters, the last of which should be slightly blue.

Marmalade Pudding.—6 oz. bread crumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. suet (or butter), 2 oz. candied peel, 3 tablespoons of marmalade, the juice of a lemon, and 1 egg. Mix well, and steam for four hours.—Contributed by a Staff Officer.

## SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets, to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as take a kindly interest in girls whose home is outside the city, and are ready to assist them in all possible ways.

# OUR HOSTILERS HONOR ROLL

Sure enough here comes Newfoundland this week, with fifteen boomers on the list, and headed by a Pynn.

The Eastern Boomer has again risen to the top 1 see, and the Thistle is doing exploits in the Land of the Lily. C.C. Large and Mrs. Capt. Hargroves must have each determined to get ahead of the other, but, behold, they have both increased by twenty-five, and the P. E. I. boomer is still five ahead. The temperature of the other boomers remains about normal, though I observe that Mrs. Ensign Cornish is rising to the 150 mark. We would like to see Lieut. Smith get within the century circle; but why has Strothard dropped down ten all at once? What can he be matter with him?

Coming to East Ontario, we miss the valiant Mulcahy this week. I expect he is having his vacation. Lieut. Morris comes forward as the leading boomer of the whole Dominion, with the magnificent total of 380. Come along, De Feu, you are getting near the 100 line; see if you can't cross it next week and be admitted to the ranks of the extra special hustlers.

Where is the Training Home Province this week? Knocked out by the heat, perhaps.

A new champion comes on the scene in West Ontario. An increase of seventy-five brings Adjt. Kendall right to the top. Why, oh, why have you dropped down to fourth place, Mrs. Ward? Ah, I see, you have shared up with Sister Norbury this week, and she has gone up in consequence.

In New Ontario Capt. Walker ran a dead heat with Adjt. Hoddinott, and Lieutenant Johnston has made quite a jump from 55 to 100.

Hurrah for McLennan! From 200 to 270 is a nice leap, and indeed the Northwest boomers are doing well all round.

This is a friendly rivalry, understand, friends, and the more we each accomplish the greater is the work done for the Kingdom of God. Go ahead.

## Eastern Province.

88 Boomers.	
CAPT. THISTLE, HAMILTON	275
C.C. B. Large, Charlottetown	230
Mrs. Capt. Hargroves, Halifax II.	225
Capt. Lee, Sydney	220
Ensign Greenland, Sydney	200
Lieut. McKervey, Macton	175
P. S.-M. McVicar, Glace Bay	170
Lieut. Stairs, Sydney Mines	150
Mrs. Ensign Cornish, St. John I.	150
Adjt. Allen, North Sydney	140
Capt. White, Truro	130
P. S.-M. Cashin, Halifax	127
Capt. Hargroves, Halifax	125
Lieut. Andrews, Dominion	120
Capt. Murphy, Sackville	110
Lieut. Strothard, St. Stephen	110
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, Halifax I.	106
Jessie Ions, Windsor	105
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	100
Capt. Greenslade, Yarmouth	100
Ensign Miller, Woodstock	100
Lieut. Turner, Glace Bay	100
Capt. Dalzell, St. John II.	100
Capt. Urquhart, St. John III.	100
Lieut. Smith, Stellarton, 90; Sister Robinson, Amherst, 85; Sergt. Jennings, St. George's, 85; Mrs. Ensign Campbell, Campbellton, 80; Captain Falle, St. John I., 80; Sister P. Cook, Halifax I., 75; Capt. Redmond, Yarmouth, 75; Sister Watte, St. John I., 75; Lieut. Bishop, North Sydney, 70; Capt. Taylor, Annapolis, 70; Ensign Richards, Springhill, 65; Lieut. Hanselbacher, Carleton, 65; Lieut. Lormer, New Aberdeen, 60; Sister Barvard, Newcastle, 60; Capt. Hebb, Summerside, 60; Eva Sharp, 60; Charlotte Vincent, Windsor, 60; Captain Backus, Bridgewater, 60; Capt. Moore, Inverness, 60; Capt. Rogers, New Glasgow, 60; Capt. Dakin, Clark's Harbor, 60; Lieut. Godfrey, Fredericton, 60.	
50 Copies.—Lieut. McLennan, Fairville; Ole Bond, New Aberdeen; John Jones, Springhill; Capt. Conrad, Sergt. McAlmon, Londonderry; Mrs. Captain Ogilvie, Clara Shrum, Dartmouth; Lieut. Winchester, Sussex; Capt. Legge, North Head; Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton; Mrs. Robinson, Ensign Piercy, New Glasgow; Lieut. Dunn, Yarmouth; Ensign Martin, Moncton; Ensign Prince, Capt. Wyde,	

Digby; Lieut. Gray, Canning; Jennie Kean, Halifax I.; Capt. Robinson, Minnie Beck, Kentville; Lieut. Gifferson, Port Hood; Lieut. Clark, Amherst; Capt. Vandine, Capt. Smith, Chatham; Capt. McWilliams, Bridgetown; Capt. Morris, Hillsboro; Sergt. Hatfield, Parrsboro; Capt. Smith, Dan McCush, Andrew Reid, Nellie Murry, Westville; Mrs. Campbell, Truro; Mrs. Capt. Urquhart, Sergt. Thompson, St. John III.; Annie Hamm, Capt. Emery, St. John V.; Ensign B. Green, Bertha Blackman, Maud Smaller, Somerset; Sister King, Sergt. Jenkins, St. George's; Sec. Vergil, Southampton.

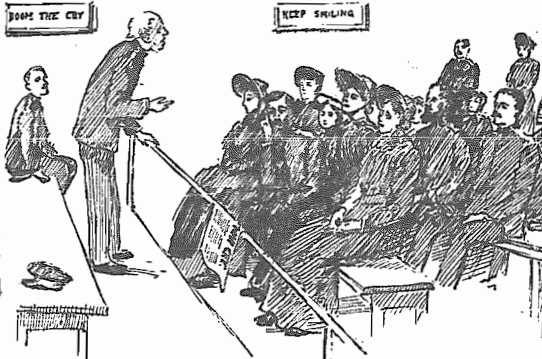
## East Ontario Province.

41 Boomers.

LIEUT. MORRIS, OTTAWA I.	380
Mrs. Ensign Clark, Pembroke	130
P. S.-M. Gilbert, Smith's Falls	120
Capt. Phillips, Belleville	110
Capt. Oldford, Quebec	100
Lieut. Penn, Trear, Quebec	100
Capt. Cherrington, Campbellford	100
Lieut. Muir, Campbellford	100

Cadet De Feu, Belleville, 90; Lieut. Case, Cobourg, 85; Capt. McFadden, Deseronto, 85; Lieut. Mercer, Smith's Falls, 75; Capt. Salter, Tweed, 75; Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa I., 70; Sergt. Norman, Kingston, 70; Sergt. Massey, Kingston, 70; Sergt. Mary Clapp, Picton, 60; Lieut. Gartlan, Kingston, 60; P. S.-M. Fraser, Montreal V., 60; Capt. Thompson, Smith's Falls, 60; Capt. Forbes, Lieut. Lawrence, Shrook, 60; Capt. Smith, Port Hope, 55.

50 and Under.—Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Kingston; Sister Muriel Fraser, Sister Salmon, Montreal V.; Lieut. Simmonds, Iroquois; Capt. Miller, Carleton Place; Capt. Ash, Lieut. Sprout, Picton; Ensign O'Neil, Lieut. Armstrong, Bro. Souise, Ottawa II.; Lieut. Ramer, Carleton Place; Lieut. Clark, Port Hope; Capt. Cole, Sunbury; Capt. Lowrie, Cadet Singleton, Morrisburg; C.-C. Wood, Picton; Treas.



P. O. (re-visiting the Boomers' Gallery): "I can't help noticing many absent faces with which I used to shake hands." (Apologies to "Punch").

Mrs. Halpenny, Smith's Falls; Sergt. Minnie Coty, Montreal V.

## West Ontario Province.

36 Boomers.

ADJT. KENDALL, BRANTFORD	253
Capt. Pattenden, Guelph	190
Sergt. Norbury, London	180
P. S.-M. Mrs. Ward, London	187
Mrs. Teft, Chatham	170
Mrs. Capt. Merritt, Woodstock	145
Mrs. Brabaw, Wallaceburg	130
Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex	105
Sergt. Wimple, Brantford	100
Mrs. Adjt. Walker, St. Thomas	100
Lieut. Dobney, Dresden, 54; Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 50; Lieut. Waldorf, Palmerston, 50; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 85; Lieut. Wailes, Goderich, 85; Capt. Thompson, Lieut. Dayson, Galt, 80; Capt. Askin, Goderich, 80; Capt. Crossman, Windsor, 75; Mrs. Capt. Cline-Smith, Forest, 75; C.-C. Mary Garrett, Ridgeway, 70; Lieut. King, Bothwell, 65; Lieut. Wakefield, Cand. Crist, Leamington, 65; Capt. Cook, Paris, 60; Lieut. Herrinton, Clinton, 60; Lieut. Dreisinger, Dresden, 60.	
50 Copies.—Mrs. Barney, Woodstock; Staff-Capt. Goodwin, Windsor; Capt. Carter, Listowel; Capt. Matter, Mrs. Jones, Kingsville; P. S.-M. Mrs. Lewis, Ensign Pynn, Ingersoll; Capt. Hore, Ridgeway; Mrs. Wilson, London.	

## North-West Province.

32 Boomers.

LIEUT. McLENNAN, WINNIPEG I.	270
Mrs. Ensign Taylor, Brandon	165
Lieut. Smith, Fort William	160
Lieut. Johnson, Port Arthur	145
Lieut. Chivens, Edmonton	125
Lieut. Mince, Prince Albert	115
Sergt. Casdon, Winnipeg I.	115
Sergt. Barton, Winnipeg I.	115
Capt. Sheppard, Winnipeg I.	100
Adjt. Byers, Calgary, 75; Lieut. Jaynes, Edmonton, 75; Cand. B. Cameron, Wetaskiwin, 75; Lieut. Dillabough, 75; Lieut. Jorgenson, Portage la Prairie, 75; Lieut. Coleman, Regina, 60; Ensign Kaine, Cal-	

gary, 60; Ensign Howcroft, Medicine Hat, 55; Ensign Culbert, Moose Jaw, 55; Lieut. Elliott, Medicine Hat, 55; Lieut. Harris, Winnipeg III, 55; Lieut. Watson, Moose Jaw, 55.

50 and Under.—Sergt. Grey, Capt. Keefer, Kenora; Lieut. Plester, Lethbridge; Capt. Willey, Lieut. Norman, Saskatoon; Lieut. Ostrander, Carberry; Dan Reece, Neepawa; Sergt. Lyons, Winnipeg I.; Capt. Pearce, Regina; Capt. Irwin, Selkirk; Lieut. Dauphin.

## New Ontario Division.

22 Boomers.

CAPT. WALKER, SOO, ONT.	150
Adjt. Hoddinott, Orillia	150
P. S.-M. Jones, Huntsville	120
Lieut. Chailmont, New Liskeard	110
Lieut. H. Johnston, Barrie	105
Adjt. Mercer, North Bay, 66.	
50 and Under.—Mrs. DeKalt, Soo, Ont.; Nellie Richards, Lindsay; P. S.-M. Miles, Barrie; Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Soo, Mich.; Lieut. Hayhoe, Caplain Duckworth, Sturgeon Falls; Cand. Myers, Gravenhurst; Treat, Thompson, Capt. Calvert, Soo, Mich.; Sergt. Herlihe, Barrie; Lieut. Wilkins, C.-C. Grey, Parry Sound; Mrs. Adjt. Mercer, North Bay; Bro. Lewis, Burk's Falls; Stella Passmore, North Bay; Cand. Parker, Gravenhurst.	

## Newfoundland Province.

15 Boomers.

SERG. PYNNE, ST. JOHN'S I.	256
Cadet Caines, St. John's I., 72; J. F. Millar, Carboneau, 58; J. S.-M. Gillingham, Twillingate, 55.	
50 and Under.—Lieut. Tilley, St. John's I.; Cadet Fowler, Cadet Price, St. John's II.; Mrs. Penny, Carboneau; Sergt. Whitten, St. John's I.; Cadets Moore, Porter, Inkpen, Dave, Tucker, St. John's II.; Sergt. Harris, St. John's I.	



## To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; 1-friend, and, as far as possible, assist wounded warriors and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Cards containing Training, Education, and other information, and if possible, a photograph, in an envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to repay a service. In case a photograph is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount will be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends, are requested to send their names, addresses, and other information to the Editor of this paper, and to give any information about persons advertised for.

## (First Insertion.)

5529. LLOYD, ALFRED PERCY. Age 26, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark brown hair, brown eyes, ruddy complexion. Supposed to have gone to Manitoba. News wanted.

5542. VEAL, RICHARD. Age 20, bright red hair, blue eyes, sharp features, height 5 ft. 8 in. Last heard of in Manitoba about a year ago. Mother enquires.

5543. PORTWAY, JOHN. When last heard of was in Toronto. Friends in the Old Land wish to know his present address.

5544. MOORE, THOS. Age 42, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Last known address, Pasadena, U.S.A. Supposed to have come to Toronto recently. News wanted.

5546. MARKHAM, JOHN. Came to this country in 1868. May have gone to the States. His brother, who has since come to Canada, is anxious.

5548. SWEETLAND, CHAS. HENRY. Age 31, light complexion, blacksmith by trade. May be in Boston. His brother, who is still alive and is very anxious for news concerning him.

5588. HINDSON, ROBERT. Age 24, height 5 ft. 9 in., sandy hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, has a scar on one cheek. Last known address, Maddison. May be in Hamilton now. Mother very anxious to hear of him.

5496. ROBINSON, CHRISTOPHER. Age 73, height 5 ft. 16 in., a gardener, black hair, black eyes. Missing fifteen years. Last heard of in Toronto. News wanted.

5497. HUTCHINSON, SARAH, ABIGAIL, and NELLIE. Ages 18, 19, and 20, respectively. Left St. Mary's Industrial School, Liverpool, England, eight years ago for Canada. Brother Harry, who is in Canada, enquires.

5498. ANDRESEN, TOBIAS. Age 42 years, Norwegian, dark complexion, medium height. Left Norway in May, 1906. Last heard from in March, 1906. Was then in the Northern Construction Camp 3, Wanipit, Ont. Wife anxious.

5499. CLARK, JOHN JOSEPH. Came out from Ireland many years ago. Last heard of at Red River. Sister enquires. Very anxious.

5500. LEFLAY, EMILY MAUD MARY, alias Dore. Has two children with her, 6 years and 5 years respectively. All will be forgiven if you will come back.

5502. TRAVIES, DAVID. Age 79, height 5 ft. 10 in., long white hair, chin whisker down to his waist, has lost one finger, and is very feeble. News wanted.

5503. BENTLY, ARTHUR PHILLIP. Age 45, height 5 ft. 7 in., hard hair and moustache, dark eyes, fresh complexion, paper-hanger by trade. Last known address, Bath, Ont. Came to Canada in May last. News urgently wanted.

(Continued on page 16.)



## SONGS OF THE WEEK.



## HEAVEN.

Tunes.—Better World (N.B.B. 123); Tucker (N.B.B. 175).

- 1 There is a better world, they say,  
Oh, so bright;  
Where sin and we are done away,  
Oh, so bright!  
And music fills the balmy air,  
And angels with bright wings are there,  
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,  
Oh, so bright!
- Though we are sinners every one,  
Jesus died!  
And though our crown of peace is gone,  
Jesus died!  
We may be cleansed from every stain,  
We may be crowned with bliss again,  
And in that land of glory reign,  
Jesus died!

## WHY?

Tunes.—My Jesus, I Love Thee (N.B.B. 185);  
Oh, Turn Ye (N.B.B. 199).

- 2 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye,  
For why will ye die,  
When God in great mercy  
Is drawing us nigh?  
Now Jesus invites you,  
The Spirit says, "Come!"  
And angels are waiting  
To welcome you home.
- How vain the delusion  
That waits you delay  
Your heart may grow better  
By staying away!  
Come, welcomed, come starving,  
Come just as you be,  
While streams of salvation  
Are dawning so free.
- In riches, in pleasure,  
What can you obtain  
To soothe your affliction,  
Or banish your pain?  
To bear up your spirit  
When summoned to die,  
Or take you to Christ  
In the clouds of the sky?

## THE FIRE.

Tunes.—Come, Come Dear (N.B.B. 136);  
He Lives (N.B.B. 158).

- 3 Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire,  
Come, and my quickened heart inspire,  
Cleansed in Thy precious blood,  
Now to my heart Thyself reveal,  
Thy mighty working let me feel,  
Since I am born of God.
- Let nothing now my heart divide,  
Since with Thee I am crucified,  
And live to God in Thine inheritance,  
Dead to the world, and all its joys,  
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,  
Jesus, my glory be.
- My with a quenchless thirst inspire,  
A longing, indelible desire,  
And fill my craving heart,  
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give;  
A night Thyself within me live;  
Come, all Thou hast and art.

## WHITER THAN SNOW.

Tunes.—Lord Jesus, I Long (N.B.B. 184); Hiding  
in Thee (N.B.B. 182).

- 4 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;  
I want Thee for ever to live in my soul;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow  
Break down every, cast out every foe,
- Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,  
Apply Thine own blood, and remove every stain  
To get this blessed washing I all things forego,  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,
- Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;  
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,  
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,

## MATCHLESS LOVE.

Tunes.—Ye Banks and Braes (N.B.B. 121); Mon-  
mouth (N.B.B. 9).

- 5 And can it be that I shall gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! How can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

He left His Father's home above;  
So free, so infinite His grace!  
Emptied Himself of all but love,  
And bled for Alan's helpless race:  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;  
I woke! the dungeon flamed with light!  
My chains fell off, my heart was free;  
I rose, I rose, and followed Thee.

## TWO FINE SOLOS.

Tune.—Touch Me Again.

- 6 Ah, Lord, when the crowd gathered round Thee  
for healing,  
I pressed among the number and put in my claim,  
And virtue from Thee, Lord, was found at that  
moment.  
I felt I was whole and I blessed Thy dear name.
- Chorus.  
Oh, touch me again, Lord, touch me again,  
This moment I feel afresh Thou canst heal,  
So touch me again, Lord, oh, touch me again.

I have not dwelt, Lord, in the joy of Thy presence,  
But Thou canst the help of my soul now restore;  
My joy has grown less, and my faith has been  
wounded,  
Oh, wonderful Healer, come, heal me once more.

Thou'rt passing! I feel, Lord, the breath of Thy  
presence,  
Just now is a chance which Thy love doth allow;  
I'll not let Thee go unless Thou dost heal me,  
So stretch forth Thy hand, Lord, and touch me  
just now.

7 Tune.—Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep  
Though storm-clouds tear the angry sky,  
And rolling seas roll mountains high,  
No waves or storms my soul o'erwhelm,  
My Father, God, is at the helm.

## CHORUS.

My Father, God, is at the helm,  
My Father, God, is at the helm,  
No waves, no storms can me o'erwhelm,  
My Father, God, is at the helm,

My nature shrinks beneath the storm,  
For I am helpless as a worm;  
My God has told me not to fear,  
He's at the helm, He's always near.

He'll lead me safe across the bar,  
Though devils would my progress mar,  
He'll guide where waves and storms shall cease,  
Into the haven of eternal peace.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION  
DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have  
a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book  
passengers to all parts of the world? If you have  
anyone going to or coming from England, or else-  
where, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them  
do so. Address, Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St.,  
Toronto.

## FOR SALE.

A sweet-toned, full-sized guitar, in good condition,  
with case and instruction book. Apply to the Editor.

## MISSING.

(Continued from page 15.)

5564. LINTON, GEORGE. Left the Old Last  
three years ago. Supposed to have gone to Win-  
nipeg. Age 33, height 5ft. 10in., grey hair, blue  
eyes, fair complexion, has a slight deformity on  
nose.

5595. MULHOLLAND, LILLIE. Age 17. Sup-  
posed to have gone to Calgary in company with a  
Mr. and Mrs. Atkins. Went without parents' con-  
sent. Her mother is almost distracted and is  
anxiously waiting news of her daughter. Please  
write.

5520. HADLEY, WILLIAM THOS. Age 41. Ex-  
class telegraphist. Supposed to have come to  
Montreal in January, 1905. His widowed mother,  
who is very ill and heart-broken at not having  
heard from him since he left her, and who is also  
dependent upon charity, enquires after him.

5520. JOHNSON, MISS M. Last known address,  
St. Catharines, Ont. Her mother heard from her  
in January last, since then no word has reached  
her friends, who are very anxious about her. May  
have married a Frenchman.

5506. JONES, GEORGE. Lived in Toronto for  
some years, then moved to Boston. Bricklayer by  
trade, age 41, height 5ft. 6in., dark hair mixed with  
grey. Last heard of in May. He may be in Bos-  
ton, Mass.

## WANTED!—STENOGRAPHERS.

There are a few vacancies at Headquarters, To-  
ronto, for young people who are qualified stenog-  
raphers and Typists; also for improvers who have  
not become thoroughly competent. Young people of  
either sex, children of officers or soldiers, are in  
liberty to apply. Write to

The Chief Secretary,  
20 Albert St., Toronto.

## ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Esther St.  
Toronto Shelter (Women), 61 Farley Ave.  
Toronto Shelter (Children), 516 Yonge St.  
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.  
Hamilton, 13 Mountain Ave. W.  
Ottawa, 348 Daly Ave.  
Montreal, Que., 460 Seigneurs St.  
Montreal Women's Shelter, 694 St. Antoine St.  
St. John, N.B., 36 St. James St.  
Halifax, N.S., 48 Gottingen St.  
St. John's, Nfld., 28 Crook St.  
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 456 Young St.  
Calgary, N.W.T.  
Vancouver, B.C., 1324 Penier St.

Note.—No person should be sent to any Home  
without first having ascertained that they can be  
received. All communications to be addressed to the  
Matron.

## IMPORTANT TO PRINTERS

## FOR SALE.

No. 8

Four Roller "Optimus" Press.

IN SPLENDID CONDITION.  
Size of Bed, 53 x 39.

Also 6 H.-P. Motor on 10 H.-P. Frame.

Write for Particulars to

THE TRADE SECRETARY,

S. A. Printing House,  
TORONTO, ONT.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The next Training College Session will commence on September 13  
in Toronto. It is earnestly desired that all intending Candidates for  
Officership will APPLY AT ONCE.

Twenty Male and Female Candidates are wanted to complete the  
number.

All accepted Candidates will be expected to enter the September  
Session. The Training College offers unequalled facilities to young  
people to prepare for a life work in the service of God.

Write at once to

James and Albert Streets,

THE COMMISSIONER,

Toronto, Ont.